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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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GETTING SQUARE WITH A BRITISHER.

THE CRUEL PRACTICAL JOKE PERPETRATED ON A SURLY ENGLISHMAN BY A COUPLE OF YOUNG PATRIOTS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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MONEY is reported "easy" in Canada. The cashiers are evidently shelling out.

NEARLY all the girl-babies born in England have heads shaped like the heads of post-office clerks.

A DENVER poet begins a poem to Night thus: "The sky had on its full-dress shirt, with studs of golden stars."

In Guatemala sandwiches and biscuits pass as currency. The people of that country probably believe in hard money.

In the court-scrimmage between Mrs. Dudley and O'Donovan Rossa, the other day, it was Mrs. Dudley who had to be held.

SAMUEL C. SHAFER, a Kansas City real estate operator, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling \$28,000 from John I. Blair, the New Jersey capitalist.

WHEN a Missouri politician deserts politics and goes to work soliciting subscriptions for a newspaper it is announced that he has "abandoned politics for a literary career."

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says "mowing machines are the great enemies of snakes," which is equivalent to saying that old Death with his scythe is laying for the man with the Jim-Jams.

PHILADELPHIA barbers have been compelled to close up their shops on Sunday, and they want to see the soda-water sellers also stopped. They hold that a shave is more a matter of necessity than a glass of soda-water.

A DIVISION of the Salvation Army in London now parades with banners bearing the following: "Why give tenpence a pound for lamb, when you can get the Lamb of God for nothing?" And yet missionaries are sent out of the country.

WASHINGTON belles have hit upon a novel and effective method of keeping a roll of their lovers. The dear creatures have the names of the poor fellows indelibly tattooed on their arms. The Blaine campaign is suggestive of tattooing.

NEARLY every college graduate considers himself a born editor, and most of them contemplate taking charge of leading journals at an early day. They start in by contemplating a \$4,000 salary and end by hunting a \$4 a week job.

ONE of the Vassar girl's effusions reads: "I love to sing when I am glad, song is the echo of my gladness; I love to sing when I am sad, for song makes sweet my very sadness." We pity the neighbors of this girl whom Fate must sting to madness.

QUITE a number of able American editors, who would feel aggrieved if people failed to address them as Colonels, Judges and Generals, have been writing able editorials in praise of the ex Premier for refusing to be anything but plain Mr. Gladstone.

A CINCINNATI servant girl advertised for a place with a recommendation that she "permits no familiarities by the gentlemen of the house." The next day she received over two hundred answers, but invariably they were from married women.

NO PHASE of the street car drivers' strike worries the Chicago editors as much as "the wormy old chestnuts which the country papers are getting off about the Chicago girl's foot." At least that is the way they speak of the sparkling humor put aloft by the strike.

ANOTHER NOTE OF WARNING.

In these columns lately we have boldly declared that the public spirit of New York ought to support the statute of the United States which cries halt! to the invading Chinamen, loaded down, as he is, with vices and habits which will not bear even mentioning. We called attention earnestly to the fact that the intermingling of white women with the yellow males of the Chinese race is a crime against nature fraught with the most appalling possibilities. In spite of our protest, the horrible intimacy between Chinamen and American women is hushed and fostered in the constantly abused name of religion.

To the creatures who are so bent upon debasing their own superior race that they fight desperately against the spirit of Federal laws as well as of the people at large for the absolute toleration of the Mongol and his vices, we commend this stirring article from the New York Sun:

OPIMUM SMOKING.

The exposure of another opium joint shows again that the vice practiced in such places is making alarming headway among young people, and especially young girls.

The frequenters of the Crosby street joint seem to have been, for the most part, dissolute characters, who were ready to seek excitement and gain stimulation in any way within their reach. Curiosity, too, undoubtedly sent many of them there, and the opportunity the place afforded for riotous revels also made it attractive.

But the breaking up of other joints in New York, Boston and Philadelphia has brought to light the fact that they are patronized not only by the dissolute and shameless, but also by respectable men and women—dressmakers, teachers, clerks and mechanics, who perhaps first went to them out of curiosity, and were soon made victims of a peculiarly tyrannical vice. Many, too, doubtless took up opium smoking after having previously been otherwise addicted to the opium habit.

For many years past the victims of opium have been many throughout the Union, and perhaps more numerous proportionately in the country than in the cities, where the opportunities for other forms of dissipation are greater. The girls in factory towns, we are told, as in Lowell, for instance, are often addicted to the use of opium, and the habit of taking morphine under the skin is increasing and spreading both here and in Europe.

The Chinese found the field already prepared for them when they came here to set up their opium joints. There was already a vicious demand for the drug, a new and seductive manner of using which they introduced. The desire to try novelties and to experience strange sensations also brought them customers who soon yielded to the fascinations of the stimulant, and suffered the degradation which made them regular patrons of the vile places.

It is only a few years since the first opium joint was opened in New York, and yet now we see that wherever they are established, and in whatever secluded and loathsome places, they speedily do a profitable business. Those who want them find them out, although people generally are ignorant as to their situation, for, of course, they must be kept secret, and without signs to indicate where they are.

Undoubtedly we have enough Chinamen in New York to create a demand of themselves for some of these joints. But when the police break them up they find few Chinamen among the smokers, who are almost wholly of European stock. Cities like Boston and Philadelphia, where the Chinamen are few, are also provided with opium joints to satisfy the domestic demand, and, despite the efforts of the police, they continue to exist and to increase in number. When one is broken up, another is quickly established, and probably there are many of which the authorities have no suspicion.

These opium smokers seem to have no race prejudices against the Chinamen, with whom young girls will associate and frolic without the least repugnance. A common vice brings them all on the same level, and common degradation makes them natural companions. The sense of decency is utterly lost, and no vestige of self-respect remains. Respectable and reputable men and women, Chinese and Americans, consort together while they are under the influence of the drug. No matter how rough and vile the place, how densely crowded, how stifling the air, they are not driven from it by any sense of delicacy or repugnance.

If this vice of opium smoking has grown so rapidly and spread so widely during the last ten years, what will be its extent a quarter of a century from now? Is it not possible that it is going to be one of the greatest of our social evils?

To guard against so terrible a possibility, the police must everywhere be on the alert to break up at once every opium joint that begins its demoralizing and degrading business. But are there not to-day open in New York not a few of such establishments which are well known to the authorities? Cannot a police detective always guide the curious strangers to places where he can investigate the effects of opium smoking on the minds and morals of its victims?

THE New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that starting a watering-place is easy enough. "Take a second-hand well," it says, "throw an armful of iron scraps into it, and call it a wonderful mineral discovery. Get a schoolmaster on a vacation to write it up for his board. Newspapers are more than glad to publish spicy reading matter of this sort."

A CHICAGO paper says a citizen of that place who has been traveling in India has brought home, among other curiosities, two praying-machines one of which runs for eight and the other for four hours after being wound up. The tendency of Chicago thought is now toward getting the four-hour machine put up in the Mayor's office, and the eight-hour one in the Board of Trade.

CHICAGO refuses to contribute to the Bartholdi pedestal fund. They reason that the goddess should have been born in Chicago, and then she would have come by a pedestal naturally.

GLADSTONE visited Tennyson last week. Can the ex-premier be putting up a job on his successor by inducing the poet laureate to write a poem of the "You, You" order on Salisbury?

THE fastest time between Boston and New York was made on Sunday, when the New York *World's* special train accomplished the distance in five hours and seven minutes. It's a remarkably cold day when the *World* isn't advertising itself in some manner.

THE Canadian mounted police have captured Big Bear, the chief of the insurgent Indians. They should lose no time in making an example of him. A few more hangings among the red men and a little less mawkish sympathy would soon simplify the Indian question.

"WHAT is the most momentous question that has agitated the women of our country since the first blast of freedom swept over the land?" screams Lillie Devereaux Blake. If you want our candid opinion, Lil, we should say it was whether they shall wear a Jersey or a Mother Hubbard.

A VIENNA dentist, who wished to retire, advertised for a young doctor to succeed him, the business being worth \$5,000 a year. No money is demanded, but the dentist's daughter, a young lady of seventeen, handsome and well educated, must become the wife of the successful applicant.

THE Rev. Sam Jones, the Southern revivalist, advises his parishioners to "kick" this old world as they would a rubber football. To this proposition the Philadelphia *Press* demurs, and pertinently requests Brother Jones to state what people are to stand on while they perform this great act.

A WRITER in the Hartford *Times* says that a brother of Lady Salisbury, Matthew W. Alderson by name, is now editor of the Montana *Avant Courier*. He learned the printer's trade and finally located at Bozeman, Mont. He is one of the best-known and brightest journalists in the Northwest.

THE national bunting was jeered by the polygamists in Salt Lake City on the Fourth of July. Some of them declared that the best men in the city were in jail for "opinion's sake," and that it was a day of mourning rather than joy for them. The flags on Mormon residences were at half-mast.

QUOTING the alleged remark of the Emperor William that one by one his friends are dying, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* pathetically remarks that "two by two the friends of Carter Harrison are going to the penitentiary. Thus are two great men undergoing sad and simultaneous bereavement."

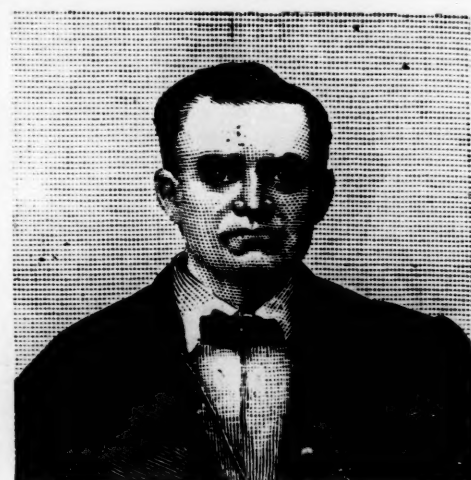
THEY say that the inhabitants of ancient Pompeii first invented fruit canning, and that Americans have simply re-discovered the process. It is quite likely this is so. At any rate there is a great deal of canned fruit and vegetables which, judging from appearances and taste, must have been excavated from the ruins of Pompeii.

WE cull the following memorable utterance from a speech made by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London: "What is the value of a dead missionary? No more than that of any other dead man." We have always heard that missionary was the best; distinctly superior to sailor, for instance. Another illusion gone.

THE Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill mania in England has broken out with great virulence among the London cabmen. The other day 9,000 of them sent in a petition to the Prince of Wales thanking him for his advocacy of the measure, and exhorting him to go on with the good work. Englishmen must be in a chronic state of wanting to marry their deceased wives' sisters.

A CARSON, Nev., man has gone and invented a machine to avoid the anti-treating law, which has been a dead failure thus far. A huge chunk of ice is hung in the center of a revolving table, and beverages, beer, whisky, etc., are placed all over it. The citizens draw up their chairs all around, call for their drinks, and the game commences by the twirling of the revolving wheel or table. Whatever stops in front of each one's chair he must drink, and whoever fails to do so has the whole circle to pay for. The excitement grows more and more intense as the game progresses, and many a substantial Carsonite goes home to bed drunk.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



It is pleasant to learn that old "Pot" Whittaker, who has been at the point of death for some time, shows signs of convalescence. The good old man has survived so many fearful and wonderful accidents that he really seems immortal. Let us hope, anyhow, that he isn't going to succumb to any such trifle as the dropsy.

Thomas Stevens, the tourist, has passed through Constantinople.

Richard A. Banta, of 1½ Barclay street, this city, was held at the Toms on June 29 for selling a \$5 pool ticket on a horse race.

R. L. Beekman, of Staten Island, was the winner of the singles at the tournament of the Far and Near Lawn Tennis Club at Hastings, N. Y., last week.

J. J. Gilligan and F. S. Holden, Massachusetts Bicycle Club, rode 57 miles, from Boston to Salem, Marblehead and return, on a tandem-tricycle, June 25.

George B. Sutton, the pool player, is in charge of Nagle's "Golden Oar" room, 2,373 Third avenue, although he is still running the room in the Rossmore Hotel.

E. A. Clement and William Bell, of the Maverick Wheel Club, East Boston, Mass., covered 101½ miles on June 21. Their total time on the road was 14 hours; actual riding time, 10 hours 5 minutes.

Thomas Green, who was well known to sporting men in this city as well as to theatrical folks, died in England on June 15. He was for many years a pawnbroker in the Bowery. He was about forty-eight years old.

E. R. Grant was awarded the boxwood bowl, with silver plate of peculiar shape attached, offered by the officers of the Heights Bowling Club, of Jersey City, to the member showing the greatest improvement in bowling during the past four months.

T. J. Kirkpatrick, Chief Consul of Ohio, has gone to Buffalo to attend the L. A. W. meet. Two of the Springfield, O., wheelmen, Crothers and Stanton, last week made the best road-record in the State, 135 miles in 14 hours, going to Columbus, 40 miles, thence north 40 miles, and returning to Springfield, 55 miles.

Capt. Webster and H. T. Hutchinson, of the Toronto (Ont.) Bicycle Club, on June 24 rode from that place to Belleville, starting at 2:30 A. M., they reached their destination at 7:27 P. M. Webster turned back and proceeded to Trenton, adding 12 miles to the 117 already covered, or making 129 in all. This is the longest one-day ride ever made in Canada.

Miss Murbury's famous mastiff Lou, for which the lady had refused an offer of \$500, is said, died recently at the family residence in Oyster Bay, L. I., from poison. Mr. Murbury offers \$100 reward for the arrest of the person who poisoned the animal, and he has subscribed to a fund of \$1,000 which the citizens of Oyster Bay are collecting, with which to detect and punish the poisoners.

Jack Crowley, on June 16, was placed in prison in West Virginia to serve the two years sentence for his fight with Dillon. In denying him a new trial the Judge remarked: "The best way for your kind of people to do is to go over in Ohio. There they catch a man who engages in a prize fight and fine him \$5. Down here we have made up our minds that we are not going to furnish a safe respite for Pittsburg pugilists or sporting men to engage in prize fights or dog fights." Crowley took his sentence very much to heart, and thinks that \$50 from his friends could have saved him.

On June 15, Mr. George Shakspeare, fishing-tackle dealer and net-maker, died suddenly at his residence, Berry street, Wolverhampton, Eng., aged seventy-four years. He had for some time suffered from heart disease. Mr. Shakspeare was born at Henley-in-Arden, in Warwickshire, and it has been claimed on his behalf that he was of the family and blood of the great poet and dramatist. In a published pedigree he is traced to John Shakspeare, baptized May 5, 1539, son of John Shakspeare, of Rowington, and it is stated with much probability that his ancestor might have been a brother of Richard Shakspeare, of Sutterfield, the grandfather of the poet. The deceased, not very long ago, spent a considerable sum of money in tracing his lineage.

George M. Robinson, the California athlete and photographer, whose reputation sadly suffered by reason of the display of timidity made by him when he faced John L. Sullivan in Mechanics' Pavilion, after that fiasco left San Francisco and retired to the southern part of the State, living on the money so ignobly gained. Says the *Alta* of June 18: "He came back a few days ago, and yesterday, while under the influence of liquor, wandered into the barroom of the Baldwin Hotel. He was noisy and quarrelsome, and sought a dispute with Charles P. Duane, who was quietly conversing with a friend. Matt Joyce, the proprietor of the place, requested him to keep quiet or leave the room. Robinson became very abusive at this, and started toward Duane, when Joyce interposed and knocked him down. Before he could administer a more summary punishment several police officers seized the combatants and locked them up on a charge of battery."

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Great All-Star Comedy-Drama Combination and How Its Various Members All Came Home.

It is related of a King of Spain, who shall be nameless, that he once marched up a hill with twice ten thousand men, and, having possibly surveyed the scenery with a great deal of satisfaction, marched down again. This seems to prove conclusively that the King of Spain in question wasn't a theatrical manager. If he had been, only nine hundred and ninety-



How the manager comes home.

nine of his supporting company would have made the return trip with him.

There is a vast deal of difference between the setting out of a theatrical combination and the getting back of the same, and many are they who fall by the wayside.

Take, for example, the celebrated Great All-Star Comedy Drama party, organized, engineered and managed by the stout and genial Mr. Simon Lazarus, late of Whitechapel, London, but at present better known as Mr. Roland Cecil de Lauzun, with rooms at the Morton House.

It took Mr. de Lauzun a good deal of trouble to raise the funds wherewith his scheme was equipped and started. Angels are, like their proverbial visits, few



How the "juvenile lead" comes home.

and far between nowadays, and the flat-catcher has no end of difficulty in harpooning his prey. Endless were the arguments that Mr. de Lauzun had with this, that or 'tuther eminent capitalist, and although he made an occasional meal and a not infrequent drink by the eloquence of his pleadings, still for a long time did his prospect of the necessary "sugar" seem ruefully remote.

But there is an end to all things—even to the solicitous attempts of a Whitechapel Impresario to get a good, strong grip on an American spendthrift. When the climax of his efforts was reached in Mr. de Lauzun's case, he went upon the road with his board-bill paid, \$2,500 in bank for future use and convenience, and the sum of \$1,500 in cash to "run" him, through his engagement.



How the ingenue comes home.

In six weeks the great All-Star Comedy Drama Combination was on its way home.

And this is how they came:

A Pullman parlor-car conveyed the massive frame of the gentleman from Judea via Whitechapel. Wrapped in his rich fur-lined coat and smoking a



How the low comedian comes home.

cigar of the first quality, he reclined in his easy fauteuil and puffed fragrant clouds of the purest Havana through his generously developed nostrils. His silk hat was of the most recent fashion and his smile one of measureless content.

Why not?

In no such genial guise came back "the juvenile lead" of the combination. He, luckless youth, has to revert to his early avocations and win his way to freedom of lunch and the mere semblance of domestic comfort, by vending the harmless, necessary suspender and the cold, elusive oriole collar button.

The ingenue—the dear, charming, innocent, sprightly ingenue who wouldn't say Boo! to a goose, and who blushes when you speak of the legs of a piano, how



How the soubrette comes home.

does she come home? Well, the sight of her beauty in distress so affects a real kind, nice, grandfatherly old chap, with a white beard and a watery blue eye, that he puts his life, liberty and sacred honor at her disposal. But what the tender ingenue most appreciates is his pocketbook, and that, with a sweet smile and a literally winning way, does she employ to the best and most striking advantage. By Pullman cars, also, travel the ingenue and her benevolent protector, and small blame to the colored porter who jocularly compliments old grey beard on his young and charming bride. For the best intentions of the noblest and most unselfish of us all are apt to be misconstrued and misunderstood under the stress of accusing and, sometimes, even complicating circumstances.

Alas! for the low comedian. No elderly lady com-



How the rest come home.

passionates his shrunken form or marks his hungry eye. No boughsome dame leans out of window to favor him with a sympathetic smile or begs him to consider all his expenses charged to her account. On the contrary, the low comedian must wend his way home painfully and rheumatically, in borrowed garb, twisting an odious and incessant brake.

In like sorrow and toil comes home the soubrette, too ancient and meagre to inflame the passions of man and therefore doomed to work her passage as one of the dishwashers of the palatial steamer which runs between Galveston and New York.

The rest of the company, the balance of the stranded and all but starving "fakers," behold them stringing along the railroad track in forlorn procession, each armed only with his hopelessness and his grip sack, and larding the lean earth, as he walks not only with his perspiration but his profanity.

In such different ways come back to roost the wandering chickens of the stage.

STAGE WHISPERS.

M. B. Curtis and wife are sight-seeing in California.

Dr. Wixom, Mlle. Nevada's father, is quite ill in London.

Pauline Markham will have a month on the Texas circuit this fall.

Alice Harrison will star the coming season in a new musical comedy.

Baker & Farron have a new play for next season called "The Soap Bubble."

Mrs. W. P. Sheldon has picked a two years' contract with Polk's "Mixed Pickles" Company.

Geraldine Ulmer, of the Boston Ideals, will shortly marry a Mr. Ide, and then retire from the stage.

Pat Rooney is to star in a new play next season. His daughter Katie will also be a feature of the play.

Mollie Fuller has returned to New York. It is not said if Gerald accompanied her where "Eyre" she roams.

Miss Leonora Bradley has signed a contract to play leading parts in Mr. John T. Raymond's company next season.

Charles Evans, of Evans & Hoey, has fallen heir to \$50,000 by the death of his father, Evan Evans, of Rochester, N. Y.

J. E. Whiting and wife arrived in London, Eng., June 28, and will make a continental tour before returning to America.

"Ranch No. 10" gave up the ghost in Chattanooga last week, and the company gave up their trunks at the same time.

Mantell, who has worked all the time, and who draws the largest salary of any of the boys, had the gall to take a benefit.

Florence Warden, the English authoress and dramatist, was in Mrs. Langtry's support during that lady's first American tour.

Joseph Whelock has severed his connection with the Frohmans after having played under their management for two years.

It is said that Bernhardt's two ambitions are to grow fat and write good poetry. It ought not to be very hard for her to grow fat.

At a recent musical performance a young lady sang a song, entitled, "There is Rest in Heaven." That is one way of making religion popular.

Maurice Barrymore has taken a house in the swell part of London and furnished it in grand style. It looks as though he intended to stay there.

Frank Girard is making a great success, both financially and artistically, with the Palm Garden in New York, running it as a respectable variety show.

William Terriss has secured a release from Mary Anderson, and will, therefore, not support her in this country. He has rejoined Irving's company in London.

Miss Lizzie Annandale, the well-known leading contralto of the Emma Abbott company, will, it is understood, not sign with that company for next season.

Sarah Bernhardt's tour will begin May 10, 1886, at Rio Janeiro, S. A. Then she will go to Mexico. San Francisco will be the first stand of her United States tour.

The Buffalo Times says: "It is reported that Adeline Patti will publish her memoirs. If there is anything in Adeline's life that we do not know, let us know it at once; this suspense is fearful."

Nellie Lingard, daughter of the late J. W. Lingard, and Mr. Frank M. Burbeck, of the Boston theatre company, were married lately, and are now spending the honeymoon at Glen Cove, L. I.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett intends producing next season an old English comedy, entitled "The Wonder," which was a favorite play of Garrick, and in which he made his last appearance on the stage.

Mr. Mose Fiske is called by the New York Dramatic News the "dynamite comedian." The irrepressible Moses opened last week at Peak's Island, Me., in a three-act comedy entitled "Phunny Phases."

Wm. Terriss will not support Mary Anderson on her American tour this fall. He had been engaged, but was released. Miss Anderson, who is in London, starts on her sight-seeing trip in Europe next week.

Marie Prescott made her debut recently in French at San Francisco, playing the heroine of "Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix." Her object is probably to exhibit her accomplishments as well as to perfect herself in the rôle.

John P. Smith will take out next season one of the strongest "Uncle Tom" companies ever put on the road. Mr. Smith, in addition to managing the company, will play Skaggs, the auctioneer. And still we wonder at crime.

Mrs. John Clayton, Dion Boucicault's daughter, has a very charming residence just out of London in the St. John Wood region and, most appropriately, Mrs. John Wood is her dinner guest nearly every Sunday.

Bernhardt's seaside villa at Saint Adresse, with its surrounding plots of beautiful grounds, is advertised for sale in the Parisian papers. This is said to be the last disposable remnant of her once large real estate possessions.

There was quite a quarrel in a Western orchestra recently, because one musician cast vague insinuations upon the character of another. It is hard to imagine what insinuation would injure the character of a Western musician.

Billy Florence states: "I got in a street-car the other day. The seats were all full. A lady had her little boy on the seat alongside of her. She told him to get up and let the old gentleman, meaning me, sit down. I came home feeling my fifty-four years."

The Chicago News thinks "the result of the Thalia opera season on the lake front has demonstrated very clearly the impracticability of any amusement scheme depending for success upon the patronage of the German element of our population."

Luigi Lablache on June 20 terminated his engagement with Wilson Barret, which had lasted for three years. During that time he has played the "Silver King" 500 times and "The Romany Rye" 250 times in all the principal cities and towns in the kingdom.

Miss Van Zandt refused to attend a supper, given by Sir Arthur Sullivan, to meet the Prince of Wales, because the princess was not to be present. When Miss Van Zandt sang at the American concert, the Prince of Wales listened attentively, but did not applaud the great songstress, which is considered a great slight.

Mrs. Ernest Hulskamp, nee Morosini, is studying for the stage. A reporter of one of the New York papers found her recently reading an account of the garden party given by her father at his home in Yonkers. She had not been invited to attend, but professed no regret and seemed satisfied with her present condition.

Miss Margaret Cone, sister of Kate Claxton, had the misfortune to sprain her ankle very badly one day recently while getting off a car in front of the Morton House. Dr. Sayre was immediately sent for and pronounced it a bad case. Miss Maggie is confined to her bed at the residence of her parents in West Fourteenth street.

JOHN IRVIN

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of John Irvin, of Lindsay, Ont. He is well known in sporting circles, and is the boniface of the Market Hotel in that city, which is the resort of all the sporting, variety and theatrical classes. He also owns the famous trotting team, Nellie and Gypsy.

PROF. BILLY HAWLEY.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Prof. Billy Hawley, the well-known Western boxer. He has figured in numerous glove contests and prize-ring encounters, and is very popular among sporting circles. Hawley resides at Des Moines, and is open to box any pugilist visiting that section.

THE COWBOY BARBER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A very amusing affair recently took place in Sun River, Mont. Two colored women inquired for a barber and said they wanted their hair cut and shampooed. A cowboy, who had just arrived and was having a good time, heard them make the inquiry. With a malicious grin he said:

"I am the barber. Come right this way."

He took them into a saloon, put them into a chair, grabbed a pair of scissors and commenced to cut clear down to the skin. He then got hold of a bottle of ammonia and poured it on their heads. When the wench jumped up and screamed, and commenced to run out of the supposed barbershop, the cowboy took his lariat rope and started after them on his horse, finally capturing one of the girls. By this time the citizens remonstrated with the cowboy, and finally succeeded in getting her released. The cowboy then rode off, shooting his revolver, and when last seen was starting for the round-up.

THEY TOSSED HER IN A BLANKET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a serious disturbance at the National Encampment in Fairmount Park, July 1, which has resulted in one of the visiting officers being held to bail for assault with intent to kill. Some of the Kentucky troops were amusing themselves tossing one of their number in a blanket. A woman came along and began making jocular remarks, and as she seemed inclined to join in the fun she was pitched into the blanket and well shaken up. As they tossed her for nearly half an hour and tore off nearly all her clothes, upon being released she ran for the Park police. When the police returned with her she was unable to identify her assailants, but the police kept her watching at Belmont Mansion, a hotel in the park. After a while she picked out Capt. Curtis, of the Indianapolis Artillery, and declared that he was one of her assailants. Capt. Chastean, of the Park Guard, proceeded to arrest him. It was undoubtedly a case of mistaken identity, and, as the park police insisted on arresting him, Capt. Curtis in his indignation drew his sword. The militiamen crowded forward to prevent the arrest. The police called upon the citizens to help them, and for a time the greatest confusion prevailed. Finally Capt. Curtis drove back his own men and said he would submit to the authority of the police. He was taken to the guard-house and afterward held in \$500 bail on the charge of assault with intent to kill. The unfortunate affair has created a great sensation among the soldiery. There has been considerable ill-feeling aroused.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Connubial vengeance is seldom executed with more neatness and dispatch than in the case of Mrs. Bleeker, of Waterbury, Conn. That lady, while nursing her sick husband with devotion, happened to find in his trousers pocket a tender letter from Miss Minnie Smith, of New Haven. Mrs. Bleeker then mingled wifely devotion with a spirit of justice. She wrote a letter to Miss Smith in her sick husband's style of chirography, inviting that young lady to come to the house on a certain evening, when the "old woman" would be out of town.

This letter was duly received, and the unsuspecting victim, arrayed in her best style, appeared on time at the front door of the Bleeker mansion. Behind that door stood Mrs. Bleeker with a baseball bat, which she used to fell Miss Smith to the earth and promiscuously macerate her afterward. The sequel to this prompt action remains to be told. When she went back to her husband's bedside to report progress she found him breathing his last, and before she could make out a full report of the engagement he was dead.

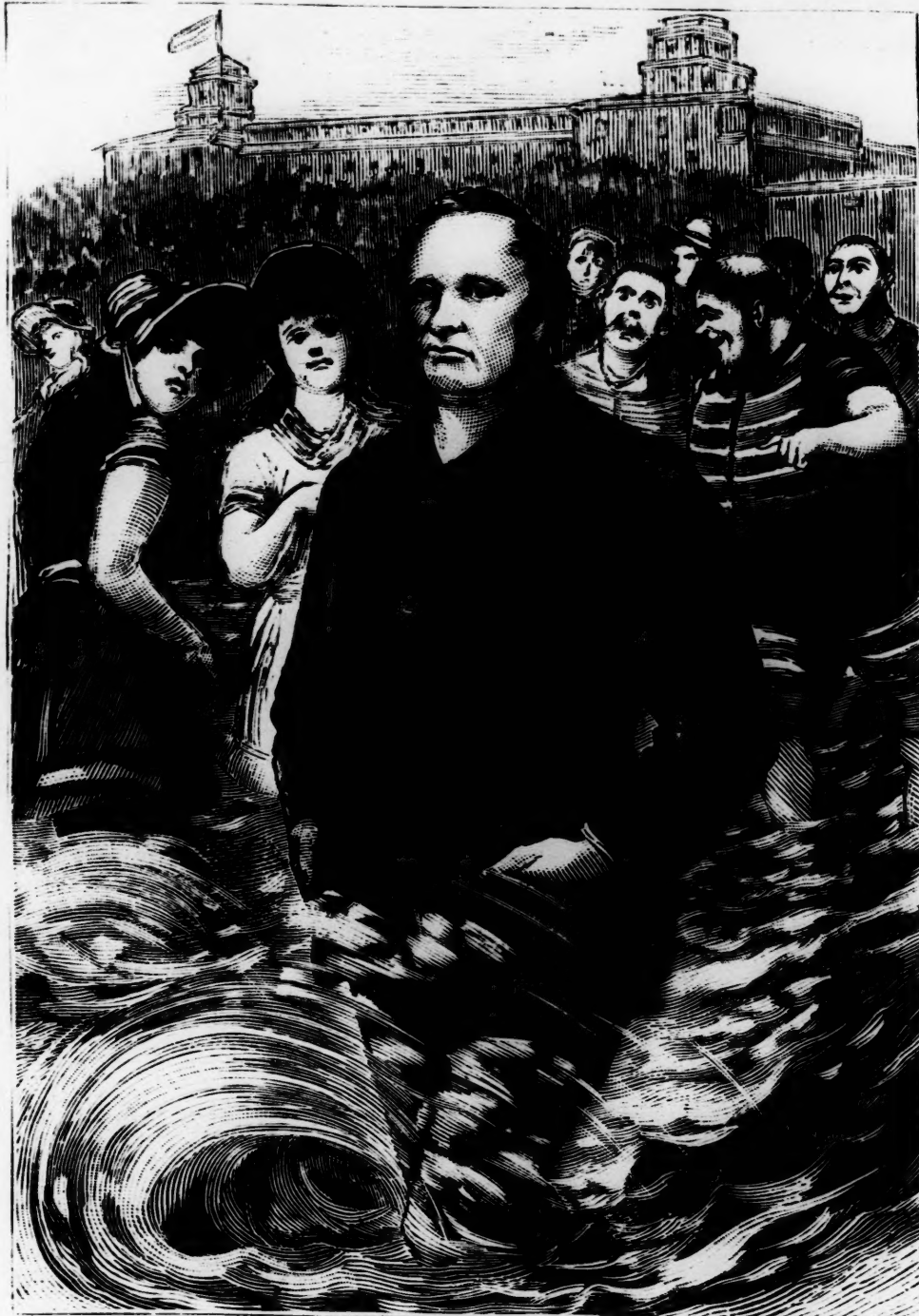
In sporting circles this tragic example of woman's loyalty will be received with favor and applause, but we shall never know from Mr. Bleeker whether the wife's vigor increased his affection for her, for it doubtless helped to remove him prematurely.

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HE WOULDN'T BE KISSED.

BARITONE CARLETON HAS A DECIDED FALLING OUT WITH PRIMA DONNA MARTINOT.



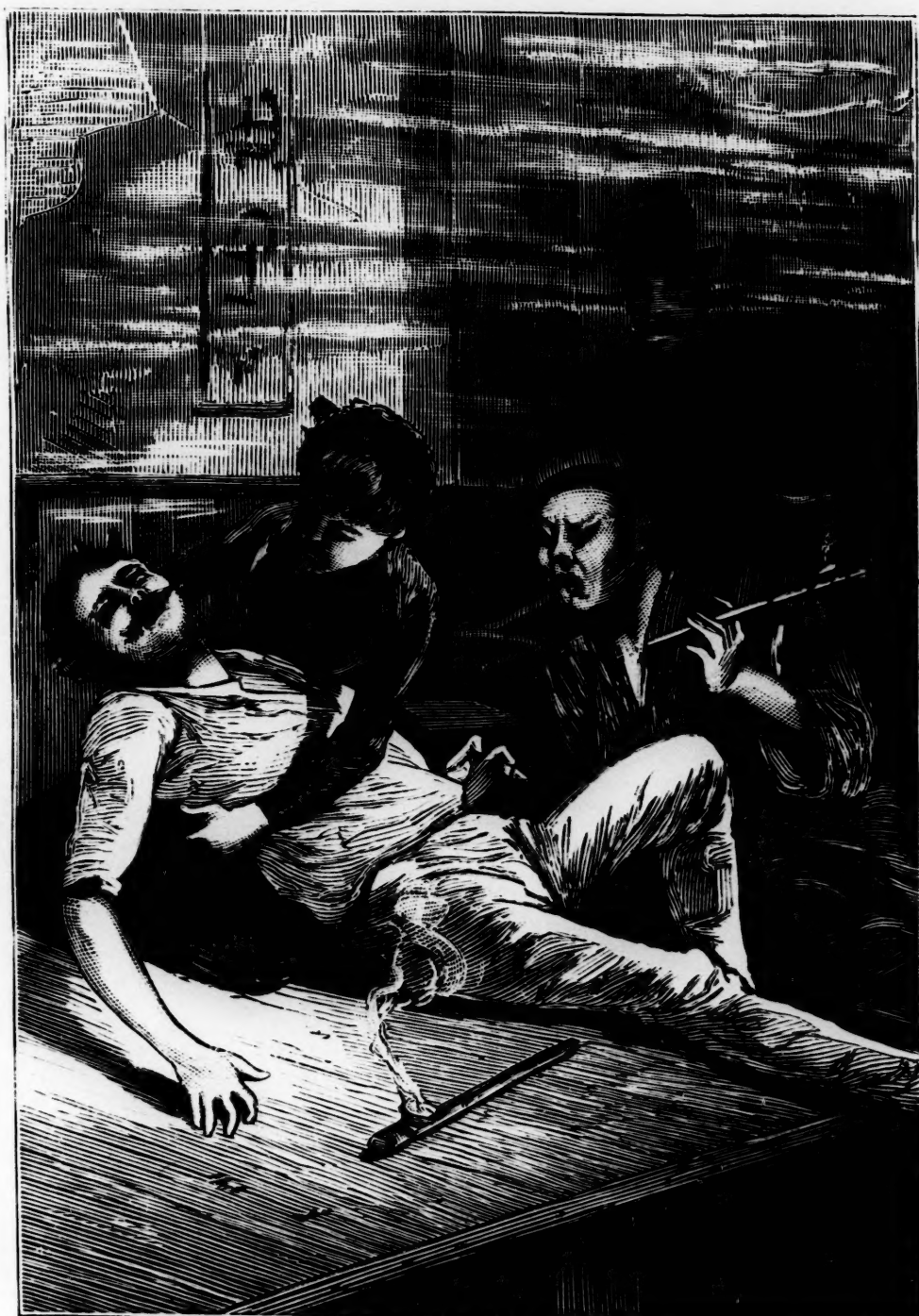
HIS ECCENTRIC BATHING SUIT.

HOW VICE-PRESIDENT HENDRICKS RECENTLY MADE HIS MARINE ABLUTIONS AT ATLANTIC CITY.



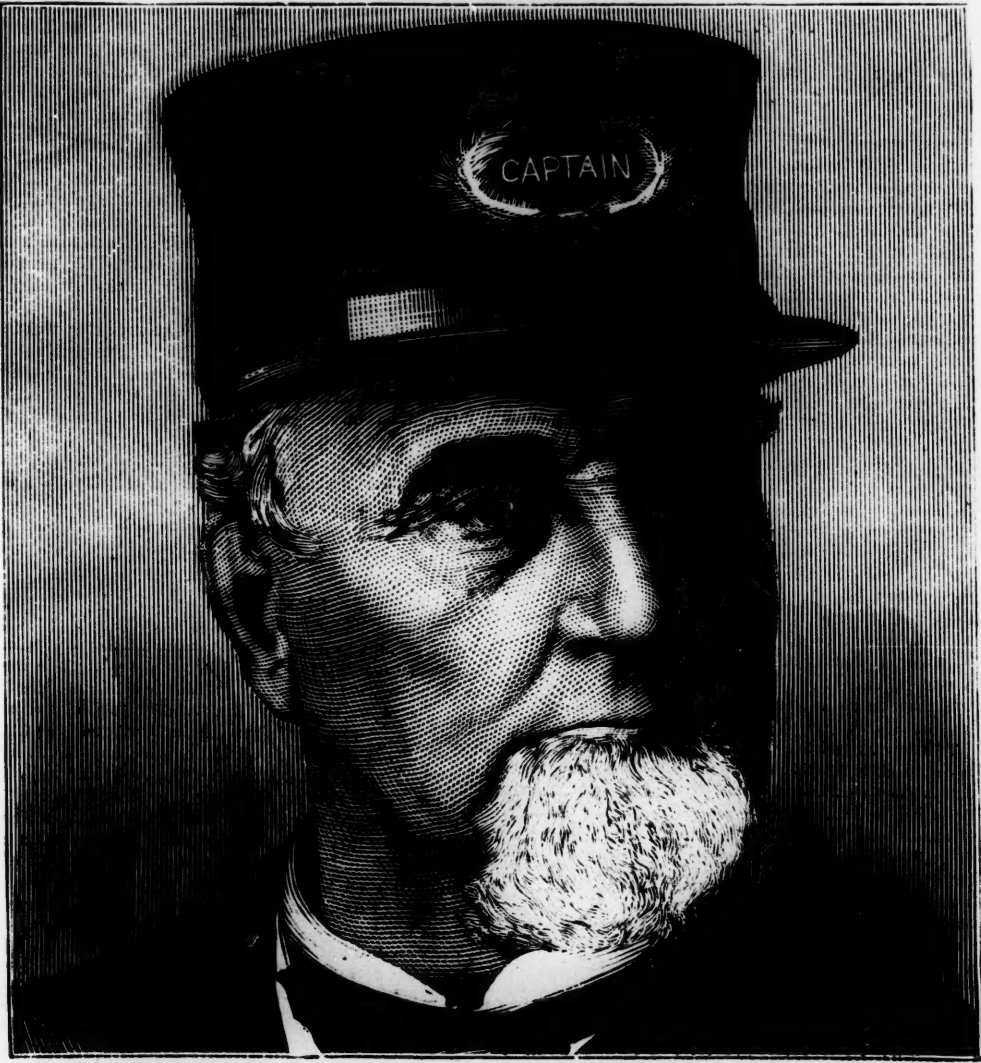
THE GIRL WITH THE IRON JAW.

SHE TAKES WHAT THREATENED TO BECOME A FATAL TUMBLE.



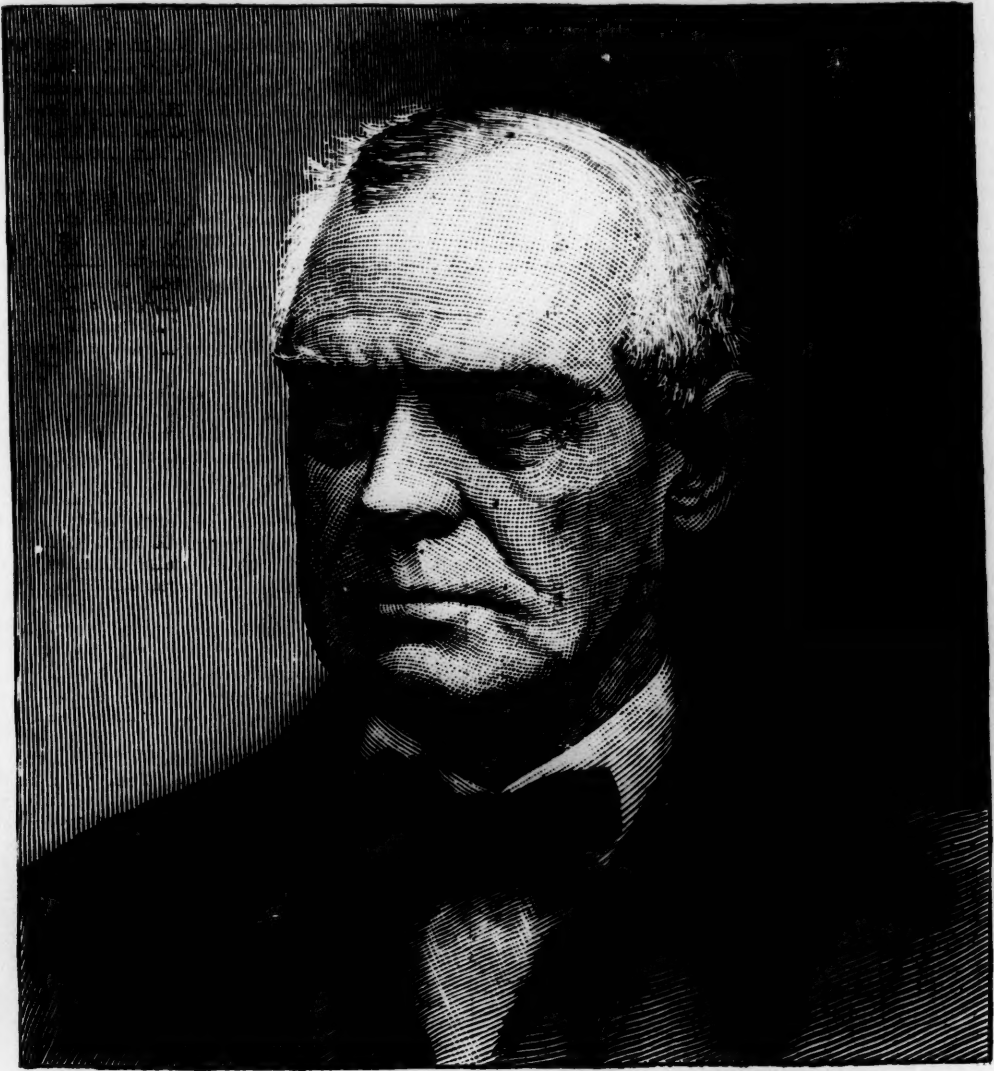
DEAD IN AN OPIUM DEN.

THE SAD FATE OF A YOUNG NEW YORK DEVOTEE OF THE CHINAMAN'S DRUG.



JOHN S. FOLK,

THE VETERAN EX-CHIEF OF THE BROOKLYN POLICE DEPARTMENT, RECENTLY DECEASED.



LEVI J. NORTH,

THE FAMOUS CIRCUS RIDER, ACTOR MANAGER AND EX-ALDERMAN WHO DIED LAST MONDAY.

Ex-Superintendent John S. Folk.

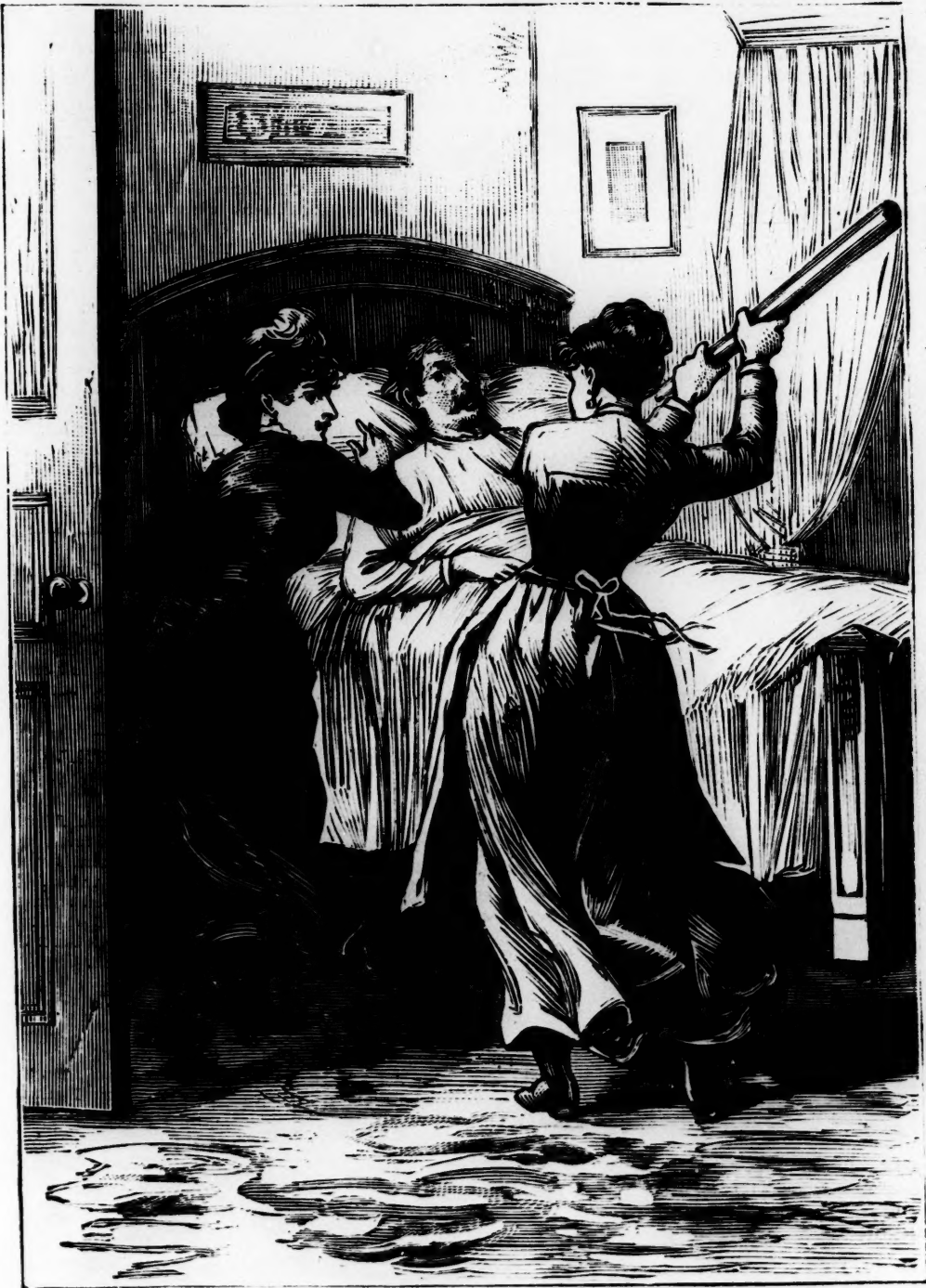
That worthy old chief, John S. Folk, died recently at his home in Brooklyn at the good age of seventy-five years. He was born on the site of the present police headquarters in Brooklyn. He was identified with police affairs from his youth, and while Brooklyn was

only a small village was a member of the old watch. He was head constable in 1851, when the municipal police was organized, and he was elected chief. He remained chief up to 1865, when the Metropolitan Police was organized, and then he was appointed inspector of the Brooklyn district. He was legislated out of office in 1870, and Patrick Campbell, the present

superintendent, took his place. In 1872 he was again appointed inspector, and held it for over a year, finally retiring in 1875. Of late years he has had charge of the police at Brighton Beach.

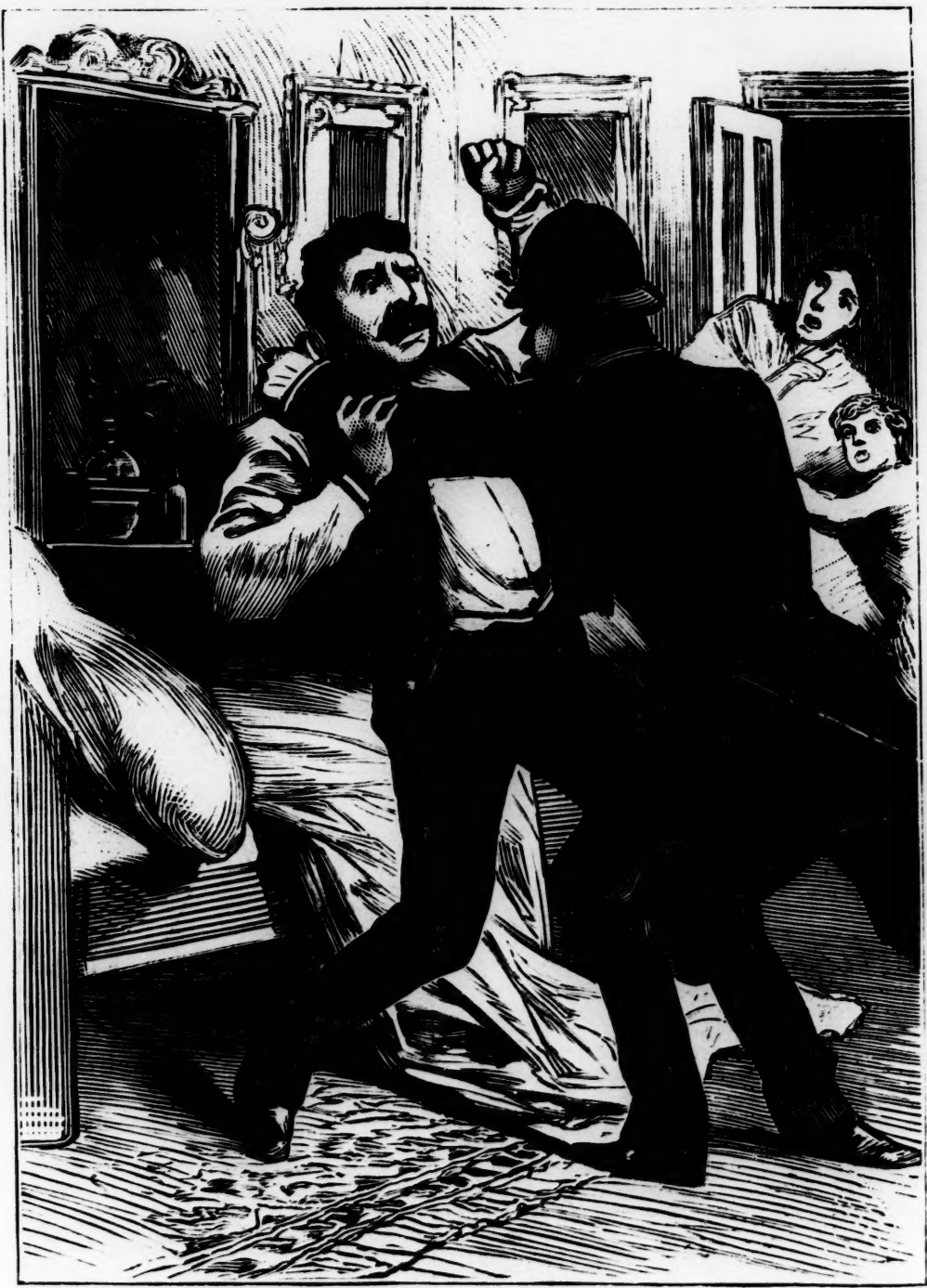
Chief Folk, as he was always called, was one of the best known figures in Brooklyn. He was of massive frame, and was fearless in the discharge of duty. He was the terror of rowdies

and of the fighting volunteer firemen of past days. During the riots in July, 1863, he saved the Brooklyn *Eagle* office from being wrecked by a mob, and at the same time received the personal thanks of Horace Greeley for his services at the *Tribune* building. He leaves a widow, two sons, one of whom is captain of the Twelfth precinct, and three daughters.



THE "OLD WOMAN" WAS IN,

AND PROCEEDED IN SHORT ORDER TO EXPRESS HER FEELINGS WITH A BALL BAT.



FIGHTING PEELERS.

A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE BETWEEN TWO NEW YORK OFFICERS WHO ARE CLOSELY RELATED.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

J. D. Fiske and Minnie Newman, who created a good deal of gossip by their elopement from White Plains, N. Y., some months ago to Philadelphia, where Fiske was practicing law, were in Brockton, Mass.,



July 2. They were separated in Philadelphia by a society which took charge of Miss Newman, and she then said she would not live with Fiske again, in view of which declaration, their appearance in Brockton was a great surprise.

A REGULATION DEACON.

The session of the Richmond County Court, N. Y., was consumed July 2 with the case of James Sprague, seventy-nine years old, who was charged with a criminal assault on Mary Brewer, a ten-year old girl. District Attorney Gallagher represented the prosecution, Chauncey Shaffer conducted the defense. The girl, who is very slight for her age, gave convincing evidence. She related how the accused had been accustomed for months to take her and her playmates to ice-cream saloons and treat them to cakes, confectionery and trifling articles until she had entertained no fear of him.

The accused was a deacon in the Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church before the charges brought against him. The evidence revealed the fact that the children and relatives of Mr. Sprague had offered the father of the girl \$1,000 if he would take his family and move from the country. He agreed to do so and received \$100 of the amount. With this sum, however, Mr. Brewer became intoxicated, and revealed the bargain to the mother of the child. The mother refused to consent to it, and announced that she would herself keep the child on Staten Island and press the prosecution.

Mr. Ford testified that he kept a restaurant and ice-cream saloon in Totenville, where the accused frequently brought several little girls at a time in and treated them to cakes, ice-cream, confectionery, etc. He thought that the venerable prisoner merely did so because in his old age he was fond of children. Mr. Ford said that Mr. Sprague's known standing in the church precluded any suspicion by the witness that there was any evil intent in the methods of the old man with the little girls. The court-room was crowded all day. The case has created wide attention on Staten Island, and especially in the locality where the Spragues live.

DECEIVED BY THE WIDOW.

Charles Herbage, a diminutive house-painter with a squeaky voice, engaged himself to marry Widow Maggie Eickman, who kept a little store at No. 471 Grove street, Jersey City. The widow's husband has been dead only six weeks, but she promised to marry him if he bought her a gold watch and chain and a cameo ring. Herbage drew \$50 from the bank and bought the presents. On the following day the widow married Philip Ehrman, a barber, who had been Herbage's rival. Herbage went to Justice Silsling and charged the newly married widow with having obtained the jewelry under false pretenses.

"Were you much disappointed when you found your bride captured by another?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, kinder," replied the complainant, sadly.

"Didn't she explain why she jilted you for the barber?"

"Ya-a-s, I believe she did," murmured Herbage. "She said something about marrying a man with more sense than a d--n fool like me."

"She loved you when you gave her the ring?"

"Ya-a-s. When I went around the store she used to put her arms about my neck and squeeze me."

"And you squeezed her?"

"Ya-a-s, kinder," was the mild reply.

"Did you ever kiss her?"

"Certainly."

"At this the widow raised her handkerchief to her face and began to weep.

"You never did, you weakened little wretch. Do I look as if I would let a man like you kiss me?" she cried.

Lawyer Rowe cross-examined him.

"Do you love her yet?"

"Well, not so much as I did."

"Did she love you?"

"Guess so."

"Do you generally show your love in this way?"

"Well, no. My love is dead. I want the watch and chain or fifty dollars."

Ex-Widow Eickman said she paid part of the cost of the jewelry and denied that she had practiced any deception.

The case became so tangled that the magistrate concluded the examination and paroled the parties. He will give the Grand Jury an opportunity to hear the story.

TWO DESOLATE FAMILIES.

Miss Sadie Higginson, a pretty girl, went to live in Elizabeth with her parents from Sayre, Bradford county, Pa., about five years ago. Their advent was almost simultaneous with that of John Connelly, twenty-five years old, who secured a high position in the employ of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. He married and went to live with his wife in a pretty Queen Anne cottage on Wall street, Elizabethport. Miss Higginson married Mr. Daniel Bradley, a wealthy

contractor. They took up their abode at No. 522 Meadow street, Elizabeth. Mr. Bradley's sister, Mrs. Manning, occupied part of the cottage. Neither family, apparently, was aware of the other's existence.

One night about four months ago Mrs. Bradley disappeared from her home, and nothing was heard of her until five days after, when Mrs. Manning saw her in a fashionable boarding-house.

"I was detained the first night at a friend's house," said Mrs. Bradley to her, "and I was afraid to go home for fear that Dan would be angry with me."

Mrs. Manning induced her to accompany her home, where she was warmly received. One day last week, early in the morning, Mr. Bradley was playing with his two children in the rear of his house. Suddenly the figure of a woman, travel-stained and dusty, appeared.

"Are you Daniel Bradley?" she asked.

"I am," he replied, quietly.

"Then read that," she said, handing him a letter, the seal of which had been broken. She then sank into a rustic chair by the hedge of boxwood.

Bradley read the letter through and clenched his hands in agony, while he hoarsely bade the woman follow him. He took her to the front of the house. She said she was the wife of John Connelly, and she had walked from the Spring street station at Elizabeth to his house.

"That letter I found in my husband's pocket. It is one of many such that he has received for many months past. Not until to-day did it give me any clue as to who the correspondent was. Then I saw your name in it. It is signed 'Sadie.' 'Your loving Sadie.' Who is Sadie?"

"It is my wife," said the unhappy husband, as he leaned against the pillar of the porch. "It is her own handwriting, too."

The woman pitied him, and when he suddenly rushed into the house she went away. Bradley confronted his wife with the letter. She admitted her guilt and begged to be forgiven.

"I am going to leave you," he said. "I will take the children away and you can remain here or go away, just as you see fit. I will have no more to do with you."

He then went down stairs, took the children and went to his mother's house, about a mile and a half down the road. He went back that night, but his wife was still there. She beseeched him to forgive her, but he sternly shook her off, saying that he would never put his foot in the house until she had left it. He then went away and that night remained with his mother. He learned that Connelly and his wife had lived together in the pretty little village of Sayre. They had been engaged to be married. Some lover's quarrel had caused the match to be broken off. Both went to Elizabeth and were married.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Connelly again appeared at the Bradley homestead and asked for Mr. Bradley. Mrs. Manning informed her that Mr. Bradley had not been near the house since the night he had upbraided his wife for her faithlessness. She asked the errand of her visitor.

"Well, my husband has disappeared, and I don't know what has become of him."

Mrs. Manning ran up stairs to her sister-in-law's apartments, and, as she expected, found that she had fled. This information she imparted to Mrs. Connelly, who expressed herself as well satisfied with her husband's action.

"I don't care anything for him, anyhow," she said, spitefully, "but I will have him arrested. I will inform the police." She accordingly sent word to the Elizabeth and the Newark police, informing them of the actions of her recreant husband.

A BIGAMIST'S LETTER.

John Ahern, or Mulhearn, who married pretty Kate Mahoney a few months ago, and who was arrested in Scranton, Pa., last week on the charge of bigamy, his young wife alleging that he had a wife and children in Swansea, South Wales, was very bold when he was first arrested, and said that as soon as he could get an answer from the old country he would be able to prove that he was never married until he married Miss Mahoney. When William Walsh, of Kingston, who came to America in the same ship that Ahern did, testified against him, he called Walsh a liar, and said that he was being persecuted. While Ahern was in the police station he sent for Thomas O'Malley to come to see him. He gave O'Malley a letter to mail for him, cautioning O'Malley not to let either the Mayor or the Chief of Police know anything about it. O'Malley gave the letter to the Mayor, who opened it. The superscription read: "Mr. Michael Donovan, No. 8 Brook street, Greenhill, Swansea, South Wales." Inside was a sealed envelope, addressed as follows: "To be given to Mary Ahern," and inside of that the following letter:

"DEAR MARY—I am in sore distress, and I know I don't deserve pity from you, but I hope you will forgive me and will take pity on me. I am in prison, as you can see by this letter, and you can release me if you like. What I want you to say is that you were never married to me. I know it is hard, but there is a lot depending on it. I was led astray by a girl here, and I was faithful to you until then, and so now if you will write and say that you have no claim on me they will have to let me go. If they put me in prison you cannot see me for a long time, and if I am let free I promise my God that I will strive to do all in my power to make up what I lost, and if you will set me free I will go home as soon as I can, so that you will do me good and yourself and the children, and if you don't do it we will all lose. We are both young yet. We may live thirty years together, and we may be happy. So don't think of the past—think of the future, and make this one sacrifice for me, and I will repay you; and if you don't think of me, think of your children. So write by return of post, and say you lived with me, but was not married and if anybody else writes to you say the same also. I want you to keep it secret there, for I am going home, so that there will be no one the wiser except you and me and Bridget also. If you could get Mrs. Donovan to write and say the same thing, and go to the canon and get him to send a character to me. You can tell him I am in trouble, but do not say what; but if not do not mention anything about it in your letter, but be sure if any one else writes to you say the same thing that you say to me. Think what is depending on you, and one sacrifice is not much when there is so much depending on it. Don't fail. Think of your children if not of me. Good-by. I don't know how long.

"JOHN AHERN, Scranton, Pa., America."

When this letter was read to the bigamist he made no further attempt to deny the charge preferred against him by his second wife, and was committed to jail.

DEAD IN AN OPIUM DEN.

One of the Consequences of Chinese Residence in New York.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An excited Italian woman rushed into the Mulberry street police station shortly after 9 o'clock on the morning of June 29, and informed the sergeant in charge that a man was dying at the house where she lived, No. 53 Crosby street. No time was lost in having an officer accompany her to the place designated. It was an ordinary two-story house in the very worst section of the Italian quarter. The neighborhood was crowded with the lowest, dirtiest race of Italians, and about the house a great throng of them were chattering away in the most excited fashion. The policeman on post had been called in and was making an examination. The first floor had been rented as an opium dive and had been cheaply fitted up with a few broad bunks. On one of these lay a young man, clad only in his under-garments, and in the last stages of prostration from opium poisoning.

The police lost no time in calling an ambulance, and in half an hour the victim was under the care of the physicians at the Hospital of St. Vincent, where every means was taken to restore him, though it was evident from the first that he was beyond the reach of medical assistance. There was then absolutely no clue to the identity of the man. The proprietors of the place and the companions, male and female, of the man, had deserted him when it was evident that he was dying.

The den was of the meanest sort, and evidently had been fitted up for a low grade of customers. It was an ordinary parlor floor, which, up to a few weeks since, had been in use as an Italian beer-room. When the Chinamen had secured it "for a nice, quiet sleeping-place," as they informed the owner, Mr. Goldstein, of No. 61 Catherine street, they sent a wagon-load of pine boards, and in a few hours each end of the room had been boarded off with a low partition, making two smaller apartments. The door leading to the hall had a small ante-room built before it, so that a visitor when entering came at once into the main room of the den. Then a few bunks were put up—low, broad shelves—about eighteen inches from the floor, and extending out six feet from either side of the room. In the small compartment at the rear end a similar reclining place had been built running across the room. Scattered about here and there were head-rests—mere strips of wood about two feet long, with a smaller piece under each end. Small pillows six inches square were found ready to put under the heads of the smokers. The place was in great confusion, with pages of Chinese writing scattered here and there, a small box of moist opium in a drawer, a pair of pipes, with a great long clasp-knife. The room was filled with the aroma of the drug, and it was evident that it had been well occupied and that the flitting of those who had been present when the victim was taken with his death struggles had been very hurried. The statements of neighbors showed that the place had been hired on Saturday and that on Sunday evening there was a grand opening, when some thirty young women with many more men came in during the night to "hit the pipe." Monday night the joint was in high success and on Tuesday night it had again a large number of customers.

Theasla Dondero, the wife of an Italian musician and the person who informed the police that there was a man dying, said: "About 9 o'clock this morning a rather pretty girl, nicely dressed, came rushing up stairs and met me in the hall. She seemed to be very much frightened, and said that her fellow down stairs was dying. I asked her why she did not go down stairs and stay with him, and she said she could not stand the smell of the opium—that it had made her sick. I told her I did not want any such characters as her about, and that if she did not want to remain down stairs that she would have to get out on the street. Then she went out, and I sent my husband down stairs to see what was the matter. He found several young men and women in the first landing greatly excited, and they told him there was a man dead inside. When I heard this I went to the Mulberry street police station and told the sergeant. I noticed that some of the people about the Chinamen's place had followed me and were standing outside. When they saw me coming out they ran away in different directions. Reaching home, the door of the joint was open and I saw two Chinamen packing a lot of things in baskets. One of them shortly after left the place with a basket upon his arm and accompanied by two young men. Two other Chinamen were working on a man who was lying stupefied upon what looked like a stretcher. I said in a loud voice to my husband that the police were coming. The two Chinamen and a white man upon hearing this immediately jumped out of the back window and escaped through the yard. They were only half dressed and they did not wait to gather up any of their effects. About the same time that two policemen arrived an ambulance drove up in front of the door. When they entered the place they found the man almost dead, with nothing but a shirt on."

Dondero, the woman's husband, said that when he got home early Tuesday morning, there were a lot of men and women trying to get into the place. They were making a great noise, and he locked the hall door. As he did so, one of the Chinamen came out and demanded that it should be left unlocked, as the landlord told him that the door would remain open all night. While he was standing talking a young woman came out in a half-dazed condition and fell upon the sidewalk. It took her some time to regain her feet, and when she did a man ran out after her and brought her back into the joint, notwithstanding her objections.

Among the utensils left by the keepers of the joint were found a pocket-book containing a number of prescriptions given by a Chinese physician, a number of New Year's cards, with the name How Sing Dong written on them, as well as a day-book in which the following entries were made:

"Wah Kiu bought 25 cents' worth of opium, which he must pay for."

"17 May—Black man bought 25 cents worth of opium."

"Tall boy American Henry bought opium 25 cents."

There were also a number of letters to the owner of the pocket-book, but no name was mentioned or any address given. The supposed owner is How Sing Dong, whose New Year's cards were found. In the book were written the names of Mr. Couton, No. 13 Pine street, and Joseph Shelling. No one by the name of Couton could be found at the address given.

A few cards in the pockets of the dead man's

clothes were the only means of identification. These were of various livery stables, and a tour of them soon discovered that the name of the dead man was Samuel Sherwood Davenport, a cab driver, the son of Charles Davenport, also in the hack business. He was a roystering young man, given to acts of violence and crime. He had a very bad reputation, and was arrested a few months ago for stealing a watch from a man named Hilton, who keeps a saloon at Sixth avenue and Fifty-first street. He was arraigned before Justice Duffy at Jefferson Market, but as he returned the watch Hilton did not appear against him and he was dismissed. Davenport was at the Haymarket at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, and left there in company with two women.

His father, who was found by a reporter, was taken to the hospital and identified his son, while the letters which had been written by the dead man in a childish hand to his mother a dozen years ago made the identification complete. The autopsy showed that the young man was suffering from diffuse nephritis, and that his kidneys were in such a state from hard drinking that it needed but little from opium or any other active agent to carry him off.

GOOD MR. CARLETON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A disturbance took place at the New York Casino which threatened to cloud the serene sky which looms above "Nanon." The occurrence took place during the rehearsal of that opera. Miss Sadie Martinot was seated upon the knee of Mr. Carleton, according to the requirements of the piece, and was accomplishing the billing and cooing business with considerable success. Her by-word is: "Isn't he beautiful, my boy?" after which she renews her affectionate demonstrations toward Mr. Carleton. Recently, however, after the repetition of the favorite phrase, Miss Martinot kissed Mr. Carleton upon the mouth. The gentleman rose indignantly and insisted that "Nanon" required no such acts, and that he would not submit to such treatment. Herr Conried, averse to scenes, endeavored to pacify the gentleman and lady, and asked that the scene be enacted again, as it had "gone very badly." The actors settled once more into their dramatic positions, and all went well until "Isn't he beautiful, my boy?" was again uttered by Miss Martinot. Again she clutched Mr. Carleton, and again—in a spirit of deviltry, it is to be presumed—kissed him upon the mouth. This time Mr. Carleton's anger knew no bounds, and rising from his seat without giving any warning to Miss Martinot, that young lady was thrown somewhat violently to the ground. A babel of sounds, most of which were discordant, arose, during which Mr. Carleton left the theatre. The following day both Miss Martinot and Mr. Carleton appeared at rehearsal, and everything went with tolerable smoothness, though the realistic kissing was omitted. It was contended by several present that the play, in order to faithfully represent the German, from which it was taken, must include the kissing business. Mr. Carleton, however, begged to be allowed to differ.

BRUISING HIS BACKER.

George Law, the millionaire, and Dan Birdsall walked into the late George F. Browne's chop house, in West Twenty-seventh street, on the afternoon of June 27, and took a table near a window looking on the street. There were no other customers in the room. They had just begun to eat stewed clams when Joe Coburn appeared in the doorway, with blood in his eye, and began swearing at George Law. Then he snatched up a chair and flourished it over Mr. Law's head.

"You daren't hit me with it, Coburn," said Law.

The cashier ran from behind his desk and asked Coburn to behave. Coburn said he wouldn't, and staked his soul on it. The cashier ran back again to his desk and turned on a police alarm on the signal box. But, as it happened, Policeman Ryan was passing in the street and the cashier called him in.

When they came in together Law and Birdsall were out of their seats. On Law's forehead was a lump that was rapidly swelling to the size of a goose egg. Ryan put his white-gloved hand gently on the ex-pugilist's shoulder. Coburn looked as if he wanted to eat the policeman up, but he didn't; probably he remembered that his standing in the precinct wouldn't permit the liberty. Mr. Law, to the policeman's surprise, said that Coburn hadn't hit him and that he had no charge to make. At the same time he covered up the pugilist on his forehead with his handkerchief. The policeman led Coburn out and let him go.

Law has been a backer of Coburn for years, but of late it is said there has been a coolness between them. Several days previous to the assault by Coburn on Law Coburn and Jere Dunn followed Law and Birdsall into Browne's, sat down near them, and tried to provoke them by disparaging remarks. In the row on June 27 Coburn kept talking about "that \$500," but didn't explain what he meant.

MR. HENDRICKS IN THE SURF.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Philadelphia special to the Boston Herald says that Vice-President Hendricks caused the sensation of the day at Atlantic City by appearing among the bathers in black pantaloons reaching to his feet and a dark blue coat all buttoned. He waded around a few minutes to the depth of his knees and then returned to the shore. He took no notice of the other bathers, and only a few persons recognized him.

THEY SCARED THE BRITISHER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fat, red-goated Englishman made a great fuss in a Brooklyn street car, on "the glorious Fourth," over the noise and fireworks. Just as he was insisting that the celebration was "a bleeding outrage" a couple of clerks standing on the front platform exploded two cannon crackers between his legs. The Britisher yelled "Dynamite!" and leaped headlong from the car.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

ONE OF THE BEST TONICS.

Dr. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia Medica and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."

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BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



James H. O'Rourke, now playing center field for the New Yorks, is the champion batsman of the National League. He was born in Bridgeport, Conn., where he made his debut with the Unions, of that city, in 1868. In 1870 and 1871 he played with the Osceola Club, of Stratford, Conn. In 1872 he played with the Mansfields, of Middletown, until they disbanded in the latter part of the season, when he returned to the Unions, of Bridgeport. In 1873 he was engaged by the Boston Club, and played with them until 1879, when he joined the Providence Club, and helped them to win the League championship. In 1880 he went back to the Boston again. The Buffalo Club secured his services in 1881 and retained him until the present season, when he joined the New Yorks.

Gifford is a great winner, but a poor loser.

Jim Mutrie is about the happiest man in the baseball arena.

Tommy Esterbrook is taking the Western people by storm.

The venerable Joe Battin is now playing in Waterbury, Conn.

Young Baldwin, of the Milwaukee, has been doing giant work for the Detroit.

Toledo did pretty well. They are only \$8,000 behind in this year's baseball enterprise.

Murphy, of the Meridens, did the sneak act Saturday night, and was rewarded by a week's vacation without pay.

Nat. Hicks did not prove to be the grand success he was expected to be when he was given a trial at umpiring.

Manning, of the Bostons, made a great impression on the Western people by his fine fielding during his recent trip.

Providence has lost the use of a valuable man in the unavoidable shelving of Jack Farrell, who is laid up with a broken wrist.

Dunlap is now laid up with the hives, and if he doesn't stop booing he will be laid up with the bugs before the close of the season.

If a large number of men will win the championship, the Cincinnati will surely get it, as they have seventeen men under contract.

Expelling the Wilmingtons from the Eastern League didn't kill anybody, as they were dead as a door-nail before they were expelled.

The Detroiters are making the League teams look to their laurels since they scooped in their combination of the Western League players.

The feeling ran so high in the game between the Brocktons and Biddefords that the umpire had to keep the men down by threatening to fine them.

Von der Ahe made a wonderful hit when he rid himself of the drunken sops who were a drawback to his club and a disgrace to the American Association.

Dunlap had been so in the habit of shooting off his mouth at umpires that he was completely dazed when Bob Ferguson fined him \$50 for giving back talk at St. Louis.

A College Association umpire has a hard row to hoe, as he is obliged to take the abuse from the gloriously fresh students, and has no power to fine them in return.

Lynch got knocked out of the lot in Louisville, July 5, when he was hit for twenty-three base hits, with a total of forty-one, four home runs being a part of the slugging.

There is some trouble in Washington as to the style in which Mike Scanlon handled the National team, which was far from being satisfactory to the other directors of the club.

The Pittsburgs are making money this year if they aren't winning the championship, as they have taken in more money up to date than they did throughout the entire season last year.

Barnie has commenced fining his players for insubordination, and this, coupled with the way he has been releasing them, augurs a sorry wreck of the Baltimore Club by the close of the season.

The Nashville, Tenn., people are so free-hearted and so completely stuck on baseball that they made up a purse of \$50 in three minutes' time, being just on the spur of the moment, and presented it to Mrs. Sowders because her husband made a home-run hit over the centre-field fence.

Lucas is still swooping around through the country looking for phenomenal players. He has been trying to steal Burns away from the Waterburys, and the general impression is that he will succeed.

Young Porter has been doing some great pitching for the Brooklyn this season, and now, since the team have commenced playing ball, some good work may be looked for on their present western trip.

Smith, the Allentown wonder, is about the most wonderful "dub" that we have ever met. As a pitcher he doesn't amount to shucks, and the moment he gets hit he begins to squeal that he is not being supported.

The most joyous news of the season was the great tumble of Nick Young, when he took his celebrated drop and let Decker and Cushman go—a thing he should have done at the first games they umpired this season.

A Waterbury, Conn., paper, says that the baseball park in that city was "chopped out of a virgin forest, set down in the middle of a swamp, with its back propped up by a steep hill, and then enclosed in a wooden frame."

Billy McLean has lost his grip as an umpire, and had it not been for the timely interference of the police, in a recent Cincinnati-St. Louis game at Cincinnati, he would have lost his grip on life at the hands of the mob.

The New England Association have taken the proper view of the umpire question, and at a recent meeting they voted to give the umpire full power to fine a player for insults or misdeeds on the field as well as on.

Will the exchanges ever get done yelping about the Metropolitans being after young Terry, the Yale pitcher? They have kept it up since the opening of the baseball season, and now it is pretty near time to give Terry a vacation.

The Detroiters are going to make a fight over McKeon and Keenan, both in the courts and in the associations, but it is hardly likely that it will do them any good, for so far as roguesy is concerned it is six one way and half a dozen the other.

Harry Wright certainly deserves credit for the numerous young players he has brought out, and especially for the manner in which he has developed the Philadelphia Club this season, who are, with one exception, young and inexperienced players.

Lucas now draws it mild, and says he did not expel Fred Lewis, but only suspended him until the close of the season. This is the first sign of weakening, and it is a dollar to a penny that Fred Lewis will be playing in the St. Louis nine before the season is over.

Nat Hicks, who has just applied for an umpireship, would, no doubt, prove a second Ferguson, were he to be given a trial, as he is an old professional ball-player who is up to all the "tricks in the trade." He is a cool, level-headed fellow of excellent judgment.

The St. Louis people have an idea that John Morrill is "concededly the model ball-player of the profession." We don't know how much the St. Louis people know about ball-playing, but we do know that Morrill is not a patch to either Ewing or O'Rourke, of the New Yorks.

Baseball players can hardly be looked upon as the sum of society when their ranks turn out such men as Harold Ernst, pitcher of the Harvard College nine, who is a full-fledged M.D., and has received the appointment of Demonstrator of Bacteriology in Harvard.

Al Jennings was guilty of some very dishonorable work at Atlanta, Ga., where he skipped the town after drawing \$30 advance money on his salary and getting a new suit of clothes. Some very respectable people who trusted in his honesty are now looking in vain for their money.

Ted Sullivan has turned up in Memphis, Tenn., as manager of their Southern League Ball Club, and with the five or six Western League players who accompanied him, the irrepressible Ted will not only be likely to reduce the lead of the Atlanta Club, but there is a fine prospect of his capturing the Southern League pennant for Memphis.

The boys were making grand stands of the trees in the neighborhood of the Chicago's new grounds, as they could not cut holes in the brick wall which encloses the field, but Spaulding showed his cunning and got the best of them by complaining to the police about their destroying the trees, and had a blue-coat put at the foot of each tree.

Dan O'Leary, of the late Toledo Club, is at his home in Detroit. In an interview he expressed himself as follows: "Yes, I am back to Detroit for a time. Nothing left of the Toledo Club save the debts; they are more substantial than ever. Sunk \$8,000 on the season. Best season I ever saw for losing money. Had a nice time in Toledo: town very much attached to me—attachment awaiting me on every corner."—*Sporting Life*.

Big Kell has got it in his head that he would like to be a club manager, but if he will take our advice he will let it beautifully alone, especially in Columbus, where he contemplates locating a team next season. Last year Columbus had one of the crack teams in the country, and if they couldn't subside, what in the world would become of Kelly's club, as the poor-houses are full.

Barnie had so much success last year that there was hardly rope enough in Baltimore to hold him in tow this season, and dear only knows what he would have done with the National League next year, had he not been brought up on his hunkeys by the manner in which his great team has gone to pieces. All Barnie's spare time is taken up now in guessing where his crack club will land at the end of the season.

Lew Dickerson is now enjoying the beautiful summer air at Norfolk, where he is reclining in an easy-chair at the expense of the Norfolk Club. The Buffalos had no use for Lew, owing to his great sampling proclivities, and Lew, thinking Norfolk just as good a place as any to spend the summer, threw out his chest, went down there and signed for big money, sprained his leg and then spread himself for a good summer's rest, while his pay goes on the same.

A stock company has been started at Thomaston, Ga., with a view to furthering the interests of the national game. A fine piece of property was purchased and enclosed, a beautiful diamond laid out,

and nine fine looking young men engaged and locked up in the field where they will have to remain until they are able to catch a ball, when they will be exhibited to the public. It is thought in the course of three or four years that the boys will become great experts.

Some one has suggested recently that a good scheme would be to pay baseball players in the same manner as any other laborers are paid—that is, pay them for what they do. Some of the players throughout the country are receiving bank cashiers' salaries, and in return for their princely allowances they play about as bad ball sometimes as it is possible to. If a player knew that for every base hit he was credited with so much, for every two-bagger so much, for every three-bagger and home run so much, and so on, and if he knew every time he made an error he would be charged with a certain amount, it is almost certain some of our poor, lazy, good-for-nothing players would wake up and begin to play ball. It is an outrage to compel a manager to pay big salaries and then force him to sit in the grand stand and watch his club play a regular baby game.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The complete record of the work accomplished by the clubs of the National League in their championship race up to July 5, is as follows:

CLUBS	Boston	Buffalo	Chicago	Detroit	New York	Philadelphia	Providence	St. Louis	Games Won.
Boston.....	1	1	3	0	4	1	5	15	
Buffalo.....	3	3	0	8	3	3	4	14	
Chicago.....	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	17	
Detroit.....	4	3	3	4	3	3	3	22	
New York.....	4	5	3	4	3	3	3	24	
Philadelphia.....	3	3	1	4	1	3	3	18	
Providence.....	3	3	1	4	1	3	3	18	
St. Louis.....	3	3	1	4	1	3	3	18	
Games lost.....	30	31	10	34	11	23	16	28	183

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The record of the championship race of the American Association up to and including July 5, is as follows:

CLUBS	Athletic	Baltimore	Brooklyn	Cincinnati	Louisville	Metropolitan	Pittsburg	St. Louis	Games Won.
Athletic.....	3	2	5	3	5	5	5	26	
Baltimore.....	4	4	3	5	3	3	3	23	
Brooklyn.....	3	4	8	4	3	3	3	31	
Cincinnati.....	3	3	3	3	4	3	3	30	
Louisville.....	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	19	
Metropolitan.....	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	31	
Pittsburg.....	4	3	5	5	4	3	3	30	
St. Louis.....	6	10	5	5	5	5	5	30	
Games lost.....	28	31	31	26	26	36	25	17	220

The long-talked-of benefit for the St. Louis black-listed players whom the American Association refused to reinstate has at last taken place. There was a sort of variety show connected with it, owing to the numerous diversity of sports, as everybody who knew anything or could do anything seemed only too willing to curry favor with the millionaire Lucas. It was a great scheme, and there was a great crowd present, a great deal of money taken in at the gate, and another striking illustration of Lucas' great head. The gate receipts satisfied the men whom Lucas had persuaded to break their contracts a year since, and whom he also promised to stand by. It did not take any money out of the pocket of Lucas, and at the same time it gave him the appearance of a man of great benevolence, and one who had stood by his promise, while the whole thing was really done at the expense of the general public.

THEY GOT \$15,000 EACH.

The Holders of the Two "Lucky Tenth's" Hold the Cash.

A reporter called yesterday upon the two holders of ticket 51,106 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Mr. John Dwyer, laughed when informed of the doubt of some persons that he had received his \$15,000. "Oh, yes," said he, "it came all right and was paid over several days ago. I got the whole amount less the charge for collection. You know I told you the day after the drawing that I had placed my ticket with the Southern Express Company for collection. There was no trouble about getting it, and I did not have long to wait, in fact, less than a week.

Little Bessie Lillenthal, who also held one-tenth of the lucky ticket, 51,106, which drew the capital prize of \$150,000, has received her share of \$15,000. She prattles artlessly about her snug little fortune whenever the subject is broached. On the wall of her uncle's office is tacked the green-lettered envelope of the express company. Up in one corner is written the sum collected, \$15,000.

The proof that both of the winners received their money is abundant and satisfactory.—*Savannah (Ga.) News*, July 2.

MIKE FORD.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue appears the portrait of Mike Ford, better known as "Boxer" Ford, of Hoosick Falls, New York, the well-known sporting man and boniface. Nearly every sporting man is familiar with Ford, who has a mania for attending and speculating on every sporting event from a canine dispute to a running race. Ford has backed many a fighting canine, but his forte is backing collar-and-elbow wrestlers. He is just as well-known at Boston and this city as he is at Hoosick Falls, where he is quite popular.

SHE SMASHED THINGS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we illustrate a scene lately brought to light in the Harlem Police Court, where a well-known operative divinity of the duds was charged with smashing all the crockery and glassware in her room because her landlady rebuked her for her carryings-on with some of the gentlemen boarders.

MAIDENLY MUFFS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The young ladies of the Freshman class in Wellesley Mass., have organized a baseball club and play the national game in a neat and appropriate costume founded on masculine models.

THE CHICAGO RIOT.

How the Gallant and Oppressed Car Men of the Garden City Stood up for Their Rights.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The strike of conductors and drivers on the West Division street car line of Chicago has been marked by many outbreaks of violence on the part of the strikers and their friends. The determination having been reached to attempt to operate several of the principal lines, a large force of deputy sheriffs and city police were assembled at the car barns on Western avenue, between Warren and Park avenues, at 4½ A. M. July 1. At 5½ the Lake street barn door was thrown open and two cars, driven by new men and in charge of eight sheriff's deputies, started out. They did not go further than the main track, for the crowd, who were in large force in the street, at once surrounded them. While some held the horses, others closed in on the cars and blocked the wheels. Some stones were thrown through the windows at the deputies, who sought protection from the flying missiles by crouching on the car floor. The violence of the mob frightened the drivers, and they took to flight, pursued by the crowd, hurling sticks and stones. One of the men dodged out of sight, and the other, after running half a mile, fell in a faint. He was saved by the police from further violence, and taken home. Deputy Sheriff Liebrandt drew a revolver on the crowd, but one of the strikers, who seemed to be in authority, shouted an order to retreat, and no shot was fired. All these cars were put back into the barn.

While this was going on another car was started out for Lake street. The crowd allowed it to reach Lake street and turn the corner. Here a new set of strikers, augmented by several hundred sympathizers, were in waiting, and at a signal the crowd surrounded the car and began the same tactics as the others. The horses were held by a dozen hands, and stones and sticks were used upon the animals, causing them to jump and kick. This car was driven by William E. Miller, who stuck to his post and urged the horses forward, but John Hughes, the old driver of the car, who was foremost in stopping the horses, threw a stone at Miller, which struck him with such force as to bend the metal badge on his cap and cut an ugly gash in his forehead. Miller fell senseless from the car and was rescued by the police, who drove the mob from the spot and arrested Hughes. The deputy sheriffs then returned the car to the barn.

While the crowd was engaged with the Lake street cars, the Madison street barn was opened and three cars in close order were rushed down to the corner and got on the main track and started down town. Two of them got to Halstead street, where they were detected by a crowd in waiting on that corner. The third one made the trip to State street, but on the way back was stopped at Halstead street and placed in the gutter with the other two.

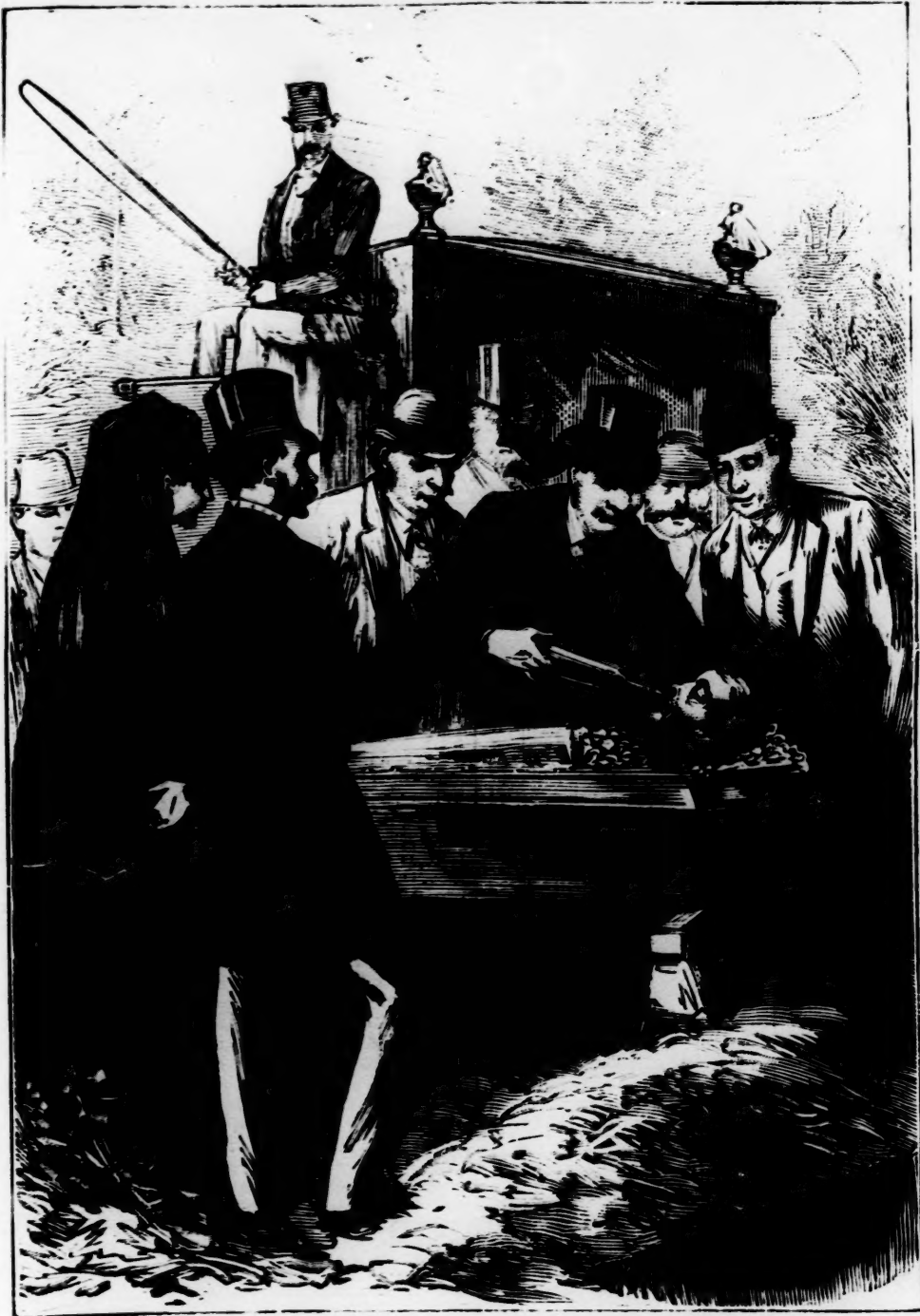
An hour later a car was started out on the Madison street line. It was driven by Deputy Sheriff Finn, and six other deputies entered it. Police lined the street on both sides, and one patrol wagon preceded and another followed the car. This display of force overawed the crowd. At the corner of Western avenue and Madison street, but two squares east, a mob was encountered. The mob halted the car, stones came thick and fast, and heavy pieces of wood were jammed between the wheels. The windows of the car were smashed in, and the deputies inside were compelled to get down on the floor to escape the shower of missiles. The driver saw that discretion on was the better part of valor about this time and jumped off the platform. He was allowed to depart without molestation.

The mob finding that the deputies had had enough, and seeing that the police were not disposed to enforce order, quietly hitched up the horses to the other end of the car and drove back to the barn. Two other cars were met at the corner of Western avenue, and these also were seized and returned to the barns.

At 11:30 another attempt was made to run a car down Madison street. Police Captain Bonfield declined a proffer of assistance from the sheriffs, and, placing eight policemen on the car, the driver was instructed to proceed as rapidly as possible to State street, stopping for no passengers. A police patrol wagon preceded and another followed the car. The police were ordered to club anybody who violently attempted to enter the car, but to be as circumspect as possible and not to use revolvers except under the direst necessity. The run down town was accomplished without any disturbance. The driver and conductor were jeered by idlers on the streets, and at one crossing two or three young men tried to get on, but a timely rap from a club made them desist. The return trip was more exciting. At Halstead street the appearance of the car as it crossed the bridge was greeted with howls, and hundreds of men and boys raved down the street yelling at the top of their voices. The car was not molested until it reached Union street, when the crowd, which had swelled to probably three thousand, began throwing paving blocks, beer and ash barrels into the middle of the street. Pieces of timber were also placed across the track, but as quickly thrown off by the police.

Being frustrated in their intent to stop the car, the mob began throwing paving blocks, cobble stones, beer kegs and whatever missiles they could lay their hands on. Mayor Harrison attempted to restore quiet by stepping into view and addressing the mob, but his words could not be heard more than a dozen feet, and he was glad to get out of the way after a few bricks had been thrown. When the car reached Curtis street the mob unhitched the horses and overturned the car on the street. At this time there was only one policeman on the car, O'Brien. He saw a man throwing a brick, and placed him under arrest. As the policeman was taking his prisoner to the station a crowd of angry men gathered around him and attempted a rescue. One man procured a rope and proposed hanging the policeman, but T. E. Sullivan, who was accompanying him, drew a revolver, and placing it at the man's head, compelled him to drop the rope. The prisoner was finally bundled into a cab and taken to the station, where he gave his name as John Sullivan. A citizen jumped on the back steps of the cab to assist the officer, but somebody hit him with a pavement block, and he dropped to the ground like a log. The car was finally righted, and taken to the barn by the patrol wagon. At 2 P. M. the company announced that no further attempts would be made to run cars, and the uproar ceased.

We will consider it a favor of advertisers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the names of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.



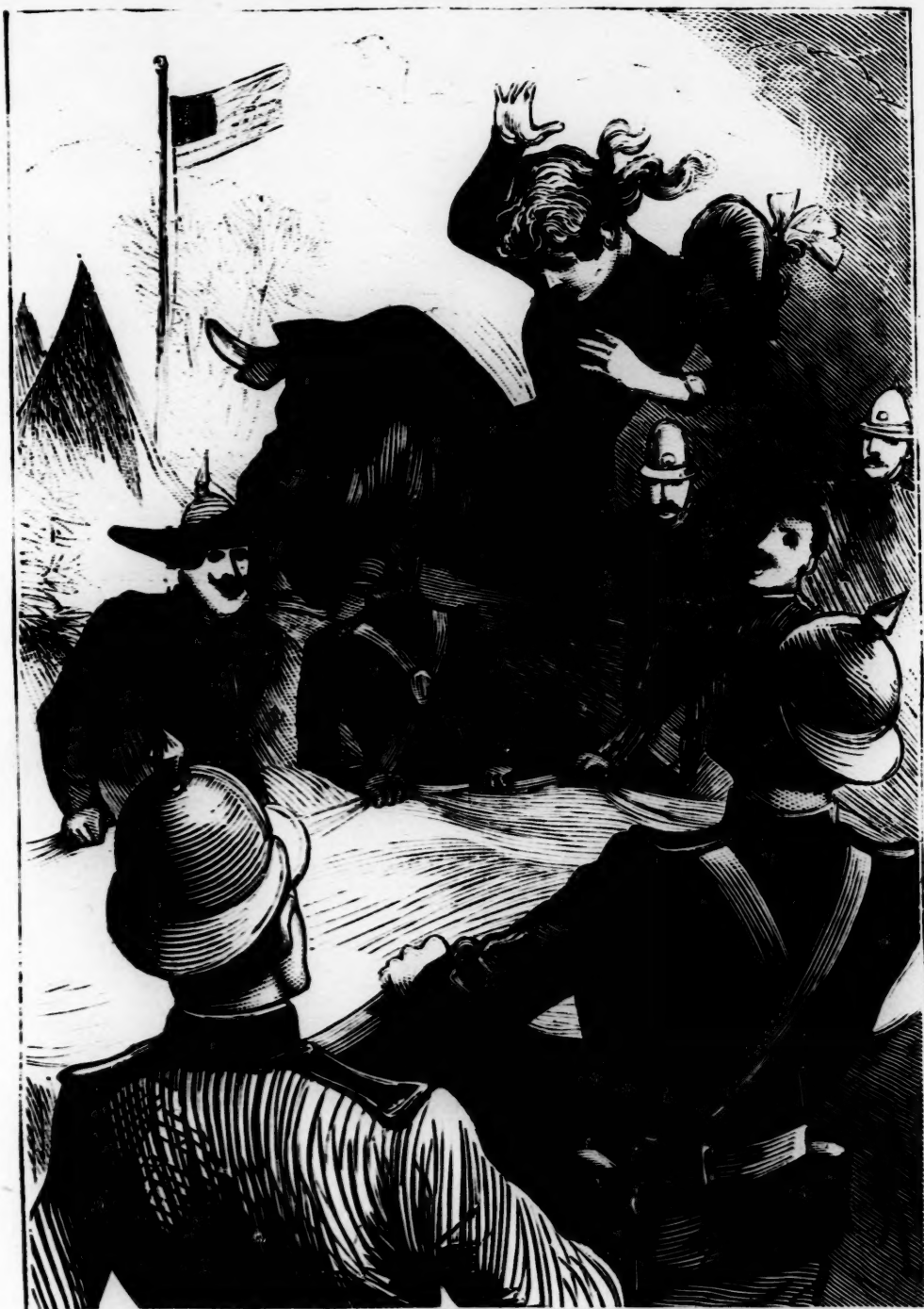
THEY GAVE THE OLD MAN A DRINK.

A DUTIFUL SON IN ALABAMA CARRIES OUT THE Dying REQUEST OF HIS SCEPTICAL FATHER.



A QUEER MIXTURE.

CHINAMAN JONG DAK MARRIES INDIAN SALLY PEET AT OYSTERVILLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.



THEY GAVE HER A TOSS.

THE MILITIAMEN AT THE PHILADELPHIA ENCAMPMENT HAVE A LITTLE FUN BY THEMSELVES.

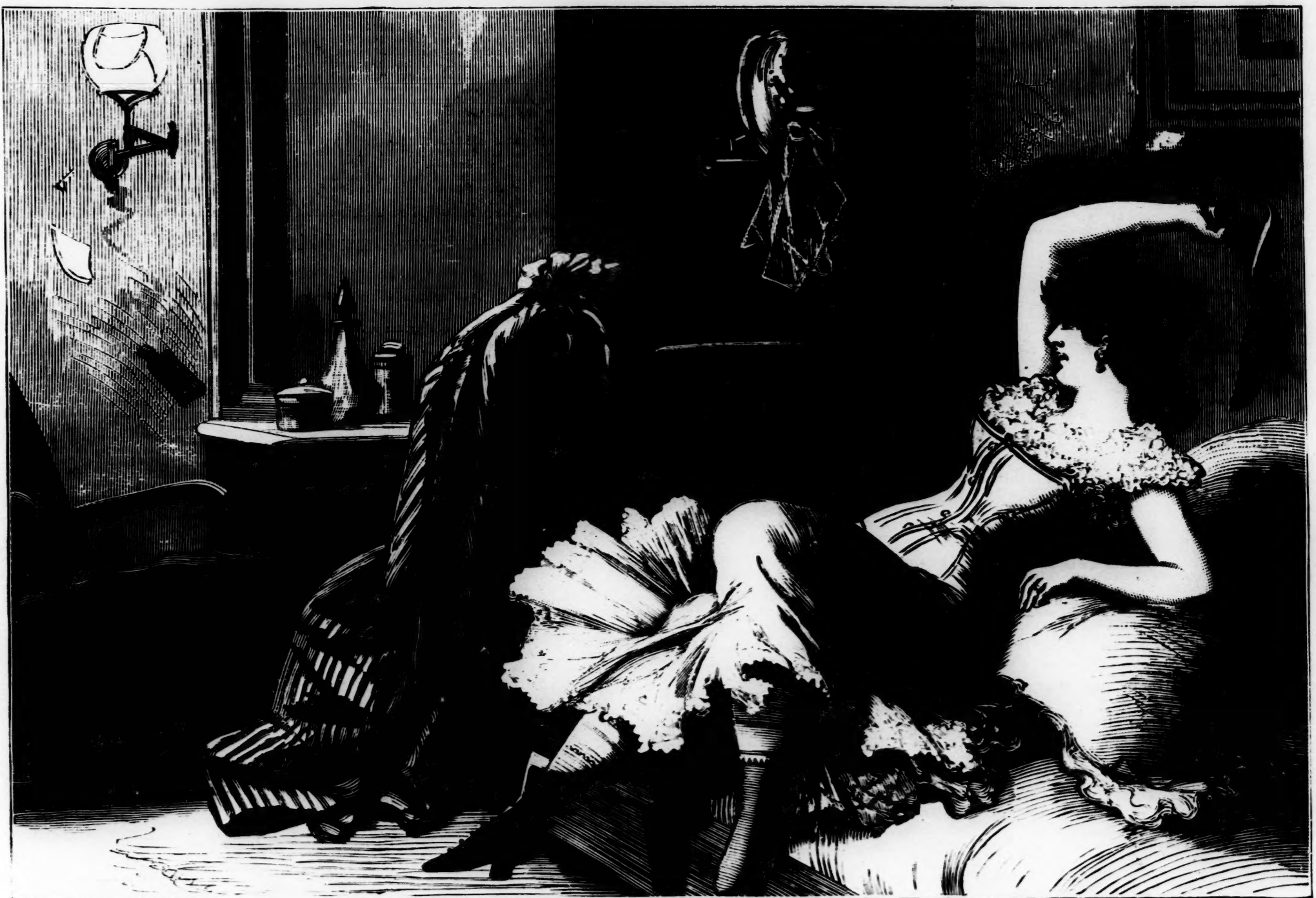


A BARBER-OUS COWBOY.

SUN RIVER, MONTANA, IS ENLIVENED BY AN INCIDENT A LITTLE OUT OF THE COMMON.



CHICAGO'S CAR-DRIVERS.
THEY MANFULLY AND MUSCULARLY RESENT BEING GROUND DOWN TO THE DREGS OF LABOR.



SHE GOT REAL MAD.
A DUDE'S DIVINITY OF THE OPERATIC STAGE SMASHES THINGS AT HOME.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

The glove contest between Tom Walling, of San Francisco, and Billy Lynn, of Portland, Oreg., who are to fight for \$1,000 a side, at Portland, on July 16, is creating considerable interest in that section of the country.

Capt. James G. Dalton opened his new sporting and sample room, No. 59 South Desplaines street, Chicago, on July 2. At the opening Dalton informed his friends that he was ready to box all comers with gloves 4 or 6 rounds, and was eager to meet Jack Burke.

The glove contest between Nick Beahler, the champion light weight of Minneapolis, and John P. Powers, the one-armed boxer, took place between St. Paul and Minneapolis on June 24. Three rounds were fought, when Powers was declared the winner by knocking Beahler out.

On July 2, Arthur Chambers, the backer of George Fryer, sent the following to Richard K. Fox: "George Fryer, the Nottingham Slasher, sailed for England yesterday. The reason of his going back is, he could not get a match on, although I offered to back him against any one for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side, good, honest money, and as Fryer saw how things are here at the present time, he concluded to go back."

A large number of sporting men paid \$5 and \$10 for tickets to witness Charley McCoy, of McKeesport, and Larry Ackerman, of Pittsburg, engage in a glove contest for purse of \$300. A barge was engaged, on which the ring was erected. Six rounds were fought, when McCoy was fought to a standstill, and Ackerman declared the winner.

The rollicking miners and denizens of Gloster Mine, Mont., were treated to a first-class fist encounter on June 23, between Jack Ivey and Ned Iff. The men fought with nature's weapons unadorned, according to London prize ring rules for a purse. A ring was erected in Tommy Hayes' saloon. Only about fifty persons were present. James McDonough was chosen referee. The contest was a desperate one, both pugilists displaying great pluck. Five desperate rounds were fought when Ivey knocked his opponent senseless by a tremendous right-hand blow on the jaw.

The following explains itself:

St. Louis, July 3, 1885.

Sporting Editor:

I hereby call your attention to an article published in your last issue, wherein you say that Jack King defeated me for a purse of \$200 (five hundred dollars), at Tom Kelley's, in St. Louis. Now, that is a falsehood. Jack King never fought me for a purse in his life, but acted in a most cowardly manner during his stay in this city. Please vindicate me in your valuable paper, and oblige a subscriber.

Yours truly,

FRED. ZACHARITZ.

About three weeks ago it was announced that Jack King, of Pittsburg, and Hial H. Stoddard, of Syracuse, had been matched to battle according to London prize ring rules, for \$250 a side, and that the stakes were up and the men were to don the gloves on July 4. Many sporting men, in expectation of witnessing what they supposed would be a first-class encounter, came from various places to witness the mill, but on arriving in New York found they had been led on a wild goose chase. No one could find who held the stakes or who was managing the affair. At this office on July 3, a number of sporting men called for information about the proposed meeting and, just in the nick of time, Hial H. Stoddard, one of the principals, with Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish-American athlete arrived. Daly stated that no money had been put up for the meeting and that he would not allow Stoddard to meet King unless the stakes were posted in the care of this office; and that King's backers had agreed to meet Stoddard and himself at 4 P. M. to put up the money. Daly and Stoddard waited until 6 o'clock, but neither King or his backer appeared, and the proposed contest ended in a fiasco. Later it was ascertained that Stoddard and King were to have fought on a barge for a purse to be made up from the sale of tickets. Daly and Stoddard had sold none and the latter refused to carry out the arrangement by the advice of Daly, claiming that he did not want to take chances of fighting for nothing, but that as soon as King put up a forfeit with this office, that he would cover the money and arrange a genuine match with King.

An important prize fight for \$1,000 has been arranged at Denver, Col., between John P. Clow, of Fort Worth, Tex., a noted pugilist, and Harry P. Hynds, of Cheyenne, who recently fought Lavin. The following is a copy of the articles of agreement that have been forwarded to the POLICE GAZETTE:

DENVER, COL., June 27, 1885.

This agreement is made and entered into this twenty-seventh day of June, 1885, by and between Harry P. Hynds, of Cheyenne, and John P. Clow, of Fort Worth, Tex., for a match with two and a half-round gloves, under the Revised Queensbury rules, commonly known as the Revised "Police Gazette" Queensbury rules, issued March 25, 1884, by Richard K. Fox, of New York. It is hereby agreed that this match "shall be to a finish," that the referee shall be chosen from both contestants are within the ropes; that the stake or consideration shall be five hundred dollars (\$500) a side, and that the winner shall take all of the net receipts—that is, the receipts of the door or gate, after printing, rent and other expenses of the match are paid, but no personal expenses of either party for training shall be deducted. It is further agreed that said match will take place at Rawlins, W. T., on Saturday, 1st of Aug., 1885, between the hours of noon and midnight, and that the party failing to appear shall forfeit his portion of the earnest money, said earnest money being \$250 down when these articles are signed, and \$250 before 6 P. M. of Aug. 1, 1885. It is further agreed that John Chase, of Cheyenne, W. T., shall act as stakeholder until the referee is appointed and no longer, and the decision of the referee shall be final and binding upon both parties hereto.

T. MULQUEN,

J. SCOTT.

HARRY P. HYNDS,

JOHN P. CLOW,

per EDWIN GAYLORD.

At Dunedin, N. S. Wales, recently, there was a slashing and well-contested glove encounter between Jim Pettengill, of Wellington, and Dick Mathews, of San Francisco. The men fought with gloves according to Queensbury rules for \$250 a side and two-thirds of the gate receipts. The contest not to be decided until one or the other should give in: each round to last 3 minutes, and either man who should fall or be knocked down in the course of a round to be allowed 10 seconds in which to come up to "time"—falling which he would lose the match. Mr. E. Wilson was the stakeholder and Mr. A. Austin timekeeper. The stage at the end of the hall was roped in, affording a sufficiently large area for the men to fight in. The proceedings commenced at 8 o'clock with some boxing between local amateurs, which served to pass away the time till the hour fixed on for the more serious business of the evening came round. Mathews and Pettengill then stepped into the ring and were received with a round of applause. The appearance of the men was scanned with interest, and it was seen that the American was considerably taller and longer in the reach than Pettengill, but both were muscular-looking men, and neither had much superfluous flesh on him. After the conditions of the fight had been read over the men shook hands and "time" was called. Both stepped cautiously at first, but Pettengill was quickest to assume the offensive, and after sparring a bit for an opening he got in and landed one or two smart blows on his opponent, who once or twice was nearly falling, owing to the slippery state of the floor. He, however, quickly recovered himself, and a capital give-and-take round was fought out, of which it is difficult to say who had the best. Pettengill at one time had Mathews at a great disadvantage, for he fought him right up against the wall, and when there gave him one on the nob that sent it against the whitewash, and must have made his ivory rattle. Pettengill, however, then let him get away, and before the round was over Mathews knocked him once clean off his pins, and shortly after paid a heavy visit to his visiting department. The second round was looked forward to with great interest, for although it had been plainly seen that Mathews's science might hitler of the two, many thought that Pettengill's science might pull him through. A few seconds only had, however, elapsed, during which the Wellington man caught it once or twice on the ear, when Mathews landed a tremendous right-hand under Pettengill's jaw, which knocked him quite silly, and he had to make a determined effort before he could get on his feet again. Once up and facing his opponent again, the latter dropped him with a very

hot one on his ear, and this settled the business. Pettengill endeavored two or three times to regain his feet, but he was completely dazed, and amidst cries of "Take him away!" he rolled about the platform in a thoroughly helpless condition, and, being unable to come to "time," the match was awarded to Mathews. The match was thus concluded in a round and a half, less than five minutes being consumed in actual fighting. Pettengill soon came round after being attended to, and bore scarcely any signs of punishment, the helpless state to which he had been reduced being due to the almost stunning effect of the repeated blows he received on the side of the head. Mathews was without a mark, and he offered to fight any other local man right off.

On Sunday, June 28, a hard-glove contest for \$200 a side came off near Gordon Mines, Abilene, Tex., on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, between a man known as the "St. Joe Kid," of Fort Worth, and Kid Bridges, of Gordon. A special train of passengers left Fort Worth at 2 P. M. for the scene of the fight, where a large number of spectators had assembled. The ring was pitched in a clear field near the track, and everything was in readiness about 4 P. M. John Clow was second for the "St. Joe Kid" and P. H. O. Donald performed a like service for Bridges. A great deal of wrangling took place about the selection of a referee, but the seconds finally agreed upon Luke Short. The combatants were then led to their respective corners and a good deal of surprise was manifested at the great disparity between the men. The "St. Joe Kid" was fully 6 feet 2 inches tall and scaled 175 pounds, while Bridges was only 5 feet 8 inches and turned the beam at 152 pounds. Both men looked well, and showed signs of careful training. On time being called the men made several passes, but little damage was done till near the end of the round, when Bridges delivered a straight left hander, which took effect in the throat, and the "St. Joe Kid" measured his length on the grass. The next four rounds were very tame, and neither man seemed anxious to fight hard. In the sixth round the "St. Joe Kid" put in some good body blows, but failed in all his attempts to reach Bridges' face, who showed very good science throughout. The seventh round was more interesting, both men warning to their work. Bridges caught his opponent heavily in the side, and following up delivered a splendid right-hand blow on the St. Joe boy's chin, knocking him silly. The latter lay several seconds without moving, and just then O'Donald, Bridges' second, jumped into the ring, whereupon Clow claimed a foul and took his man away. Great excitement followed, and a general fight appeared to be imminent. The Gordon men claimed that their man won the fight fairly, while Clow and the St. Joe man's backers reiterated their claim of foul. The referee refused to give his decision until his return to the city, and in the evening he allowed the claim of foul, and awarded the fight to the St. Joe man. There is no doubt whatever but that Bridges would have won the fight only for his second's indiscretion, as he had considerably the best of it all along.

At Fall River, Mass., on July 1, there was a slashing glove contest between Jack Kelly, who hails from Fall River, and Jack Gorman, of Manchester, Eng. Arrangements for the fight were made several weeks ago, and the men have been in proper training ever since. The fight, according to the articles of agreement, was for a purse and the gate receipts, and was to last a full hour. The scene of the battle was in a large barn, in the center of which was a 12-foot ring. The men appeared in the ring at about 3 P. M. Young English, of New York, was second for Gorman, and Felix McKeeney, of Fall River, for Kelly. George Taylor, the champion colored light weight, acted as referee. When the men came to the scratch they seemed to fear each other, and did considerable sparring before entering upon real work. Finally Kelly led off with a heavy blow upon Gorman's ribs, followed by a stunning left-hand blow upon the neck. Gorman, after much careful sparring, let his right go at Kelly's head, but fell short and received one in the face from Kelly's right hand that for a moment dazed him. Gorman rapidly recovered, and caught Kelly on the ear, following with another on the mouth, which forced the latter upon the ropes. Then the men clinched, and time was called. The second round was opened by Gorman plunging his right in Kelly's stomach, which was followed by several well-directed blows upon the body. Kelly was puffing hard, and acted on the defensive. Gorman, who was forcing the fighting, rushed upon his antagonist, but was stopped by Kelly's right, which met him between the eyes. Several blows on the head and chest were exchanged, when the men clinched and parted to take their corners. At this stage of the fight it was uncertain who would win, although Kelly was the favorite at the start. The third round was begun by a hot exchange of ineffective blows. Kelly finally caught Gorman under the chin with a terrible upper cut, and sent him on the ropes, which was followed by a shower of blows upon the neck. Gorman had wholly recovered himself when time was called for the fourth round. Kelly succeeded, however, in getting in the first blow, which drew blood from his opponent's mouth, and followed it up with his left. Then Gorman caught him on the head and got in several well-directed blows on the chest, face and neck. Gorman had the best of the fight up to this point, and Kelly showed signs of overexertion. The fifth round was opened by Gorman, who struck Kelly three times in rapid succession in the face. The latter took the punishment calmly, and caught his antagonist under the chin with an upper with his right, and sent him against the ropes, where he administered terrible punishment upon his head and body. Gorman rapidly weakened, and when time for the sixth round was called was very unsteady, and struck wildly. This round was a painful one for him, and the only time he managed to hit Kelly was when he struck the latter's elbow, and broke his own thumb, putting an end to the fight. Both men were badly punished.

Charley Mitchell arrived from Chicago on July 2, and with a select party of friends visited a number of sporting resorts. In an up-town resort he met a number of club men, among them Fred May. Wine flowed freely, and May began to boast of his superior skill as a boxer, and offered to bet 100 to 1 that he could "do up" Alfred Vivian in 1 round. M. B. Leavitt, the theatrical manager, to whom Charley Mitchell has engaged himself for the coming season, was one of the party, and both he and Mitchell burst into a roar of laughter over this declaration, as Vivian, who is a charming little fellow, somewhat "English, you know," tips the tape at 5 feet 2, while May causes the tape to stretch 14 inches higher. The laughter seemed to have a belligerent effect upon May, and he immediately became somewhat boisterous. He said to Mitchell that he thought his (Mitchell's) abilities as a hard hitter were greatly overestimated, and that there were plenty of men in the country who were his superiors in the fist-cliff line. Mitchell took this little harangue good-naturedly, and in a gentlemanly manner said:

"My dear Mr. May, I have no doubt of it; but as far as I can remember my only chastisement to people who have cared to face me has been given with my hands. Furthermore, I always meet a man face to face."

On hearing this speech the gentlemen of the party dropped their glasses and began to look serious. This speech on the part of Mitchell angered May, and he arose and said:

"See here, Mitchell, I'm a gentleman and you are a prize-fighter. I will, nevertheless, meet you on equal grounds. I will bet you \$1,000 that I can put your arm down—in other words, that I am the stronger man of the two."

Leavitt jumped to his feet, and pulling from his pocket two \$500 bills, said:

"I'll back you, Charley." May did not have the necessary amount to cover the bet, neither did his friends, and when the other occupants of the place, who had been interested in the conversation, learned this, a howl of derisive laughter went up from the crowd. May, thinking himself "guyed," became more excited than ever, and used language that caused all the party to rise to their feet. Mitchell faced May, and very composedly but determinedly cautioned him against forgetting himself, as, continued Mitchell, "there is a limit to all things, and to please me you will thoroughly understand that no further aspersions must be cast upon me. I am quite the gentleman who you are, and physically as well as mentally can take my own part."

Mitchell's black eyes snapped as he uttered this sentence, and a fight seemed imminent. May's friends tried to quiet him, but he kept up his insinuating remarks at Mitchell, who was fast losing his patience, until the latter would have struck him but for the interference of one of the proprietors of the place, who jumped between the two, and taking Mitchell aside explained to him the foolishness of a row and the detriment which would accrue to the establishment. Mitchell said he would do anything to avoid a scene, but thought that May owed him an apology. May's friends knowing that Mitchell was in the right, requested May to make an apology, which he finally did, and over several glasses of wine the disturbance was forgotten, much to the disappointment of the disinterested persons present.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

On Toronto Bay, July 2, Edward Hanlan defeated Geo. W. Lee in a 2-mile exhibition boat race.

At Watertown, N. Y., on July 4, Edward Hanlan defeated Geo. W. Lee rowing 3 miles, with a turn. Time, 21 minutes 1/2 second.

At San Francisco, on the Fourth, Thomas E. Flynn, of the Call, won the Pacific coast single-scutt championship race, open to all comers, distance 2 miles with a turn, against Wm. Gowney, by three lengths. Time, 15 minutes 30 seconds.

At the Henley regatta, on July 3, the Diamond Sculls prize was won by Unwin, of Magdalen College, Oxford University. Pitman, of Trinity College, Cambridge University, was second, and Patton, of the College Club, third. Unwin won the race easily.

Sam Bryant's race-horse, Warren Bryant, who won the third race at Coney Island Jockey Club races, on July 2, paid \$200 for \$5 in the French mutual pools. The sporting editor of this paper had one of the tickets, also a bookmaker's ticket, \$300 to \$10, against Thackeray, who won the first race.

The wrestling match between Joe Acton, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world, and Carl Abs, the German Hercules, ended in a victory for the Little Demon without wrestling. Abs, after the match was postponed on June 29 until July 6, left for Europe on July 2 in a very mysterious manner.

Jake Gaudaur and George H. Hosmer have been matched to row a double-scutt race against Peter H. Conley and Chas. E. Courtney for \$500 a side, open to \$1,000 a side. The race is to be three miles, with one turn, and to be rowed on the Charles river, Boston, between Aug. 14 and 24. William Spelman finds the stakes for Conley and Courtney and John A. St. John, of St. Louis, backs Gaudaur and Hosmer.

At Detroit on July 2, in the 2:28 trot, Gilbert's Sprague won in three straight heats. Time, 2:23 1/4, 2:23 1/4, 2:23 1/4. In the free-for-all trot Phyllis won the first two heats, Wilson the third heat, and Clemmie G., then won three heats and the trot. Time, 2:20 1/4, 2:18 1/4, 2:18 1/4, 2:19 1/4, 2:18 1/4. In the pacing race Georgetown won the first heat and Little the three following heats. Time, 2:21 1/4, 2:19 1/4, 2:23, 2:21 1/4.

The book-makers at the Coney Island Jockey Club, on July 1, met with a Waterloo on the first race. They made Miss Woodford the favorite, and would only lay 1 to 5. Thackeray won the race, and on the books it was 30 to 1 against, which made many of the book-makers feel queer, for \$20 they had to pay \$600. The sporting editor of this paper was fortunate enough for \$10 to receive \$300, and on the same day for a \$5 French mutual ticket of Sam Bryant's colt, Warren Bryant, he received \$200.

At Detroit, Mich., on July 2, Billy Vick, of Chatham, Ont., and George Peter, of Detroit, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves. The contest was decided in Bob Wright's gymnasium, and a large crowd witnessed the affair. Both were in good condition and did good work, but after the third round Vick had matters pretty much his own way, although Peter got in some very good hits and was frequently applauded. In the tenth round Peter was knocked out by a powerful right-hander.

The Amateur Rowing Association regatta took place on the Passaic river at Newark, N. J., on July 4 before an immense crowd. The result of the different events is appended: First race, senior single, Henry A. Kirby, Narragansett Boat Club; time, 10:01 1/4. Four-oared junior, Institute Boat Club, Newark; time, 8:39 1/4. Four-oared senior, Fairmount Rowing Association; time, 8:38. Six-oared gig, Ariel Boat Club, Newark; time, 8:41 1/4. Double scull, Albany Rowing Club, Albany, N. Y.; time, 9:12. Junior single, Geo. Kelly, Albany Rowing Club; time, 9:51 1/4. Pair-oared gig, New York Athletic Club; time, 9:36 1/4.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. G. B. Bunnell, P. T. Barnum, James R. Cooper, William Delaney, Harry Dobson, James W. Fullbrook, Edward M. Groat, Miss Edna Gray, H. C. Gordon, Denis Hanley, Tom Hall, H. M. Johnson, Samuel Irwin, J. Kilrain, John J. Liden, Jem Macer, Patsy Murphy, G. B. Morris, Eph Morris, Charles Mitchell, Duncan C. Ross, Wm. Smith, W. H. Newell, J. B. Bag, John Gutting, Billy Watson, John S. Prince, Alf. Austin, Wm. Madden, Jack Dempsey, Judge J. L. Crothy, Wm. Muldoon, Frank White, Florrie Barnett, Wm. Riley.

About 10,000 people paid to witness the great race between the stallion kings of the turf, Maxey Cobb and Phallias, at the Driving Park, Cleveland, on July 4. The contest did not prove as exciting as was anticipated from the enormous wagers that were laid and the previous record of the horses. Pool selling was quite brisk. The summary is as follows:

July 4, Cleveland track; match, \$5,000 a side and \$5,000 added money; best three in five heats:

J. L. Case's b. s. Phallias, by Dictator	1 1 1
J. C. Confield's b. s. Maxey Cobb, by Happy Medium	2 2 2
First heat—35, 1:08 1/4, 1:41, 2:14.	
Second heat—33 1/2, 1:06, 1:40 1/4, 2:15 1/4.	
Third heat—35 1/2, 1:11 1/4, 1:46 1/4, 2:20 1/4.	

In this paper the "Referee," on July 3, said Phallias would win.

The following explains itself:

EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO, July 1, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor:

I notice in your issue of the 27th, an error made by your correspondent in regard to my besting Tom Walling in San Francisco. I would like you would state the facts of the case in your next issue. The challenge was made and accepted but never fulfilled. In justice to Mr. Walling and in justice to myself, I wish the statement countermanded. But I am anxious at any time to meet Mr. Walling with hard gloves in a fight to a finish for \$500 a side if he will come to Idaho. We have an enclosure here with a seating capacity of 5,000. In Idaho we can fight, but in California we cannot.

J. J. HARLAN.

At Worcester, Mass., on July 4, Cornell, Brown and Bowdoin colleges and the University of Pennsylvania crews rowed 1 1/2 miles, straightaway, on Lake Quinsigamond. Cornell came in first, 5 yards ahead of Brown, and Brown was leading Bowdoin by half a length, while Pennsylvania was two lengths in the rear. Bowdoin made a claim of foul against Cornell, and Cornell a counter claim against Bowdoin. Pennsylvania claimed that Bowdoin had fouled them. The referee allowed the claim of Bowdoin and ruled Cornell out of the race. The claim of Pennsylvania was not allowed, and they were given third place. Brown and Bowdoin were ordered to row the race over again on July 13. The time given was 9 minutes 10 1/2 seconds. After the race Bowdoin showed a scam in the bottom of their boat, and Cornell a disabled steering apparatus, as the result of the collision. Brown declined to row the race over again, and it was accordingly given to Bowdoin.

The following explains itself:

BURLINGTON, IOWA, June 29, 1885.

Sporting Editor:

Frank Rozell, who claims the championship of Iowa, is a fraud, and can't fight and won't fight. Billy Hawley drove him out of Des Moines, and he came to this city, started a school of sparring, told his pupils he had fought several good men, Sullivan included, and swelled their heads in good style. I came here, billed the place for an exhibition, and he ran off. I send you one of his cards. You never saw a fighter have a gilt-edged card before like it, did you? I am teaching a class here.

JACK KEEFE.

Frank Rozell had arranged a match to box Jack King, and after the latter had for the hall printing, etc., being afraid of being defeated, jumped the town, leaving Keefe and another sporting man to pay the bills.

The following visitors called at this office the past week: Cool Burgess, Thos. Sauttling, Mike Henry, Harry Webb, A. C. Evangelist, Pedro Lascurain, Jesus Yeater, Carlos Haghenbeck, City of Mexico; Dennis F. Butler, Mike Donovan, E. T. Taggard, Daily News, Matsuda Sorakichi, Patrick O'Brien, Hial H. Stoddard, Patrick Fitzgerald, champion pedestrian; J. Henchy, Billy Hook, 120-pound champion of England; J. Manno, John Patterson, Capt. Jas. C. Daly, John McAuliffe, George B.

Raymond, John F. Brown, John Stack, Mike Russell, sheriff's office; Harry Johnston, publisher "Bartender's Guide"; Gus Sundstrom, Col. Knox, Texas Siftings; Geo. N. Torrey, T. E. Steele, C. P. Randolph, Houston Light Guards, Houston, Tex.; Jimmy Degnan, James Taylor, proprietor Simon Comedy Company; Frank White, Gus Hill, John Wood, Mr. P. Rice, W. Jackson, Boston, Mass.; Dennis Kelleher, James McGleuey; James Handley, J. J. Houlahan, T. J. Murphy, Brockton, Mass.

The annual regatta of the City of Boston was held on the Charles river, on July 4, and was witnessed by 20,000 spectators. The prizes aggregated \$1,325. The first race, for professional scullers brought out Gaudaur, Hosmer, McKay, Lamm; Buckley, of Salem, and J. J. Casey, of Boston. Gaudaur won easily, with Hosmer second, in 19 minutes 50 seconds.

Second race—Amateur scullers; eight starters; distance 3 miles; first prize, City of Boston cup, value \$100; second, \$50 medal; third, \$25 medal. It was a battle between South Boston, whose representative is Dan Murphy, and Cambridge, represented by J. D. Ryan, a well-known athlete, and resulted in Murphy defeating Ryan by 4 lengths. Time, 21:47.

Third race—Professional doubles: Starters, Gaudaur and Hosmer, Plaisted and Ten Eyck, and McKay and Hamm. Gaudaur and Hosmer won as they pleased, in 19:23, beating the best recorded time. The prizes in the race were: first, \$150; second, \$75.

The final race was for professional four-oared working boats. First prize, \$300; second, \$125; third, \$75. There were five starters. A crew composed of Gaudaur, Hosmer, McKay and Breu carried off the honors, winning in 28 minutes.

There is every prospect of an international single-scutt race for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world, between Wm. Beach, the champion, and either Edward Hanlan, Wallace Ross or John Teemer. Ernest W. Moon, special correspondent of the Australian Sportsman, and who also represents J. G. Deeble, Beach's backer, offers to match the latter to row any carman in this country for \$5,000 or \$10,000 or upward, the race to take place on the Parramatta River, Sydney. Expenses will be allowed to any one who will meet him. On July 24, Richard K. Fox received the following challenge from Ernest W. Moon, which will not only create a sensation in sporting circles but probably result in a match. The following is the challenge:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 24, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, New York:

I will back William Beach to row any man for \$1,000 a side, and allow him \$200 expenses, or for \$500 and allow him \$100 expenses, or \$100 for every \$100 they may put up. Of course you know we will treat any man well that may be bold enough to come to this country. This commission is also in consideration that my friend Beach shall meet with no affliction in the meantime.

I shall be in New York in a few days and shall take pleasure in seeing you. Yours truly

E. W. MOON.

The fifteenth annual games of the Hudson County Caledonian Club took place on their grounds, Jersey City, on July 4. The following are the winners: Putting light stone—John Hamilton, 31 feet 8 inches. Light hammer—J. Kennedy, 95 feet. Quarter-mile run—C. Stuart, 64 seconds. Standing jump—E. W. Johnston, 10 feet 7 1/2 inches. Running high jump—J. Johnston, 5 feet 7 inches. Throwing heavy hammer—G. Parry, 85 feet 3 inches. One-mile run—J. Larkin, 4 minutes 44 3/8 seconds. Hitch-and-kick—G. Slater, 8 feet 11 1/4 inches. Three-legged race—Johnston and Reed, won easily. One-mile walk—J. McGinty, 17 minutes 50 seconds. Vaulting with pole—Thos. Aiken, 10 feet 1 inch. One-mile run—J. M. Duff, 5 minutes 15 seconds. Broad-sword dance—Was won by J. Kennedy. One-quarter-mile run—John Hart, 39 1/2 seconds. Tossing the caber—E. W. Johnston, 40 feet 10 inches. W. Robinson was second. Five-mile race, open—T. D. Jansy and P. Golden ran a dead heat in 27 minutes and they divided the purse. Putting the shot—G. Ross, 34 feet 11 inches. Highland fling—M. McNeil won, with J. Aikman second. Hurdle race—T. Aiken won, with P. Sullivan second and A. C. Reed third. Sack race—W. Robinson won, with M. McDuff second.

A desperate fist encounter was decided near Fall River on the Rhode Island line, between J. Sullivan, and T. McIntyre, of Providence. There was no ring, but the crowd pressing up about the men formed an inclosure in which the fight took place. The contest was under Marquis of Queensberry rules, and was refereed by William Fauning. Sullivan being a Fall River man, had heavy backers who were offering bets at the rate of 2 to 1. A number of these bets were taken. In the first round Sullivan seemed to have things pretty much his own way, pounding McIntyre all over the ring, until toward the close of the round, when McIntyre warmed up and finished by knocking Sullivan off his feet. In the next round McIntyre got in a hot one on Sullivan's nose, which bled profusely. This seemed to madden Sullivan and he knocked McIntyre down twice before the round finished. In the next round it was thought Sullivan would surely finish the fight, as he fought McIntyre all over the ring. They clinched several times in this round, and when time was called it was found that McIntyre's face was cut very deeply and was bleeding freely. In the sixth McIntyre knocked Sullivan down several times and McIntyre's friends claimed that Sullivan did not get up in the required 10 seconds. On these grounds McIntyre claimed the fight, but the referee would not give in and ordered them to prepare for the seventh round. In this round it became evident that the Providence man would win the fight, as he seemed to gain second wind and pounded Sullivan as though he was a child. During the following 7 rounds McIntyre had things his own way and knocked his opponent down repeatedly.

There is every probability of a long-distance swimming match for \$250 a side and the championship of America being arranged between Dennis F. Butler, of Brooklyn, the well-known pugilist, diver and swimmer, and Gus Sundstrom, of New York, champion swimmer and the swimming teacher of the New York Athletic Club. On July 2, Dennis Butler, with his backer, Michael Donovan, of Brooklyn, called at the office, posted \$100 forfeit and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, July 2, 1885.

To the Editor:

DEAR SIR:—Having heard that Gus Sundstrom, the swimming teacher of the New York Athletic Club, claims he can defeat any swimmer in America any distance, for \$250 or \$500 a side, please state that I will arrange a match to swim Sundstrom either from Harlem Bridge to the Battery, or to Staten Island, or from the Battery to the Iron Pier at Coney Island, for \$250 or \$500 a side and the long-distance swimming championship of America, or I will wager \$250 or \$500 that I can beat Sundstrom swimming from the Battery to Long Branch. To prove I mean business, I have posted one hundred (\$100) dollars forfeit with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder. If my propositions suit Sundstrom he can cover my money, and my backer and myself will meet him any day he names, to sign articles to arrange a match over any of the above courses.

DENNIS F. BUTLER.

At the "Police Gazette" office, July 6, a large crowd of sporting men assembled to witness Gus Sundstrom, the swimming teacher of the New York Athletic Club, and Prof. Dennis F. Butler arrange a long-distance swimming match for \$500 and the championship of America. Among the sporting men present were Billy Hook, the 120-pound champion pugilist of England, who just arrived, Dennis Kelleher, of Quincy, Mass., W. Jackson, of Boston, James Degnan, of Typographical Union No. 6, Edward Grant, Matsuda Sorakichi, and a host of others. Prof. Michael Donovan was on hand to put up the stakes of war for Butler, and W. E. Harding found the stakes for Sundstrom. Butler wanted to swim from Harlem Bridge to Staten Island, but Harding insisted on a 10-mile race. Finally Butler agreed to the proposition, \$100 a side was posted with Richard K. Fox, and the following articles signed:

Articles of Agreement entered into this sixth day of July, 1885, between Dennis F. Butler, of Brooklyn, and Gus Sundstrom, of New York. The said Dennis F. Butler and the said Gus Sundstrom do hereby agree to swim 10 miles straightaway for the sum of \$250 a side and the championship of America. The race to take place on Sunday, the tenth day of August, 1885, starting from the Battery and finishing at a point to be agreed upon at the posting of the final deposit. It is also agreed that the contestants shall each select a judge, and that the judges shall select a referee. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$100 a side is now posted with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder, and the final deposit of \$150 a side must be posted with the final stakeholder, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, on Saturday, Aug. 8, 1885. In pursuance of this agreement, we hereby attach our names:

EDWARD GRANT,

W. E. HARDING.

PROF. DENNIS F. BUTLER,

GUS SUNDSTROM.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Richard Ten Broeck, the well-known turfman, has created quite a sensation in turf circles by issuing the following sweeping challenge:

I will back my venerable father (Time) for £2,000 against the speed of any named horse to run 4 miles in 7 minutes 15 seconds, 1 to stake £2,000 if one acceptor is named, single acceptor the same sum; if two each and £1,500; if three each, £1,000, four or more, £500.

I to back Time for same amount as there are horses, from £2,000 to £500: time or best horse to win; weights to be by scale of 3 miles (as 4 miles is abolished) and according to the month named by first acceptor; he, or majority of acceptors, to name original time; he, or majority, to postpone, so often as they choose, when day is unsuitable, provided always that the race shall be run this year.

Time being challenger, all acceptors will name under conditions of stakes, time 7:15, against horses to beat that time; horses who run in that time, a draw, in less time win; longer time representative of Time wins; Acceptance to be made to Messrs. Weatherby a week from date. Representatives of horses to choose any course in England.

Stake will be controlled by the stewards of the Jockey Club or stewards of course selected, the managers of which will add a suitable plate for winner (horse or Time) to commensurate race. Will also have the 4 miles measured by two official surveyors. Will have timers with fractional second stop watches to take accurate time, and starter shall drop flag when horses pass post where race begins. Horse coming in first (as in racing) will take entire stake and plate added. Time is less than 7:15, otherwise Time wins. The subscriber can be addressed care Messrs. Weatherby, London, England.

As far as I am qualified to judge, I do not believe any one in England or France will accept the challenge issued by the man who the fastest horse or the horse that has made the fastest time at 1 mile is named after.

It is my opinion that the sum that Ten Broeck offers to wager is small and insignificant compared with the chances of injuring a first-class horse such as would have to be pulled out to win.

If Ten Broeck had or would extend his deft to any turfman in America, I have no hesitation in stating that Pierre Lorillard might accept it on behalf of Drake Carter, the son of Ten Broeck.

I am certain, in 1884, Drake Carter could have run 4 miles inside of 7:15. I mean on the day he lowered the 3-mile running record.

I think if even the Ten Broeck proposition should fail of consummation, there is a chance for one of our Jockey Clubs to do a neat stroke of business this fall in the same connection. There is no denying that long-distance racing is yet ever popular with the public, and a contest of this sort would fill to overflowing the grounds of the association who will put it through.

I understand Billy Sexton, the well-known billiard expert, is mixed up in a legal wrangle over some stake money, which is left to the civil courts to decide.

Sexton, as many are aware, is continually bothered by amateur billiard players, who want to play billiards with him.

In order to rid himself of these bores he relates to them the chestnut story about the man who paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of taking down a cue, looking on and then putting up the cue again. Even this venerable joke does not always scare them off.

A short time ago he started out to have a first-class night off, but met a man he had known fifteen years, who proposed a game of billiards. Sexton told him the old story. The man only smiled and proposed to play for stakes.

The conditions were that each game should be 100 points up. Sexton to score 100 points or nothing, the stakes to be \$50 and \$100 on each alternate game.

The games were played at the Columbia rooms, Broadway. Sexton was in splendid trim, and the most the friend could do was to win one game out of three or four. Sexton kept on playing, because he thought his friend wanted an opportunity to get even again. Wine flowed and choice cigars were consumed.

It was well past midnight when the contest came to an end. Sexton by that time had won \$500. The proprietor of the rooms presented a little bill for \$100 for billiards, wines and cigars.

The man said he hadn't any change with him, asked Sexton to pay and gave an I. O. U. for \$90, \$100 representing the bill and \$800 Sexton's winnings. Then he went home.

"Whew! I've had a hard night's work!" exclaimed Sexton, as he put the slip of paper into his pocket; "but it has paid me."

Sexton still has the I. O. U. He has as well a number of promises from his friend. He has also a lawsuit on his hands, which he has begun, to collect on the note.

I was surprised that several of the sporting papers which have alluded to the sensational wagers with which the late Earl of Dudley used from time to time to astonish the racing world have somehow omitted to record the most important bet which he ever made, and which consisted in laying \$50,000 to \$20,000 on Petrarch, at Ascot, for the twenty-third Triennial, when Morning Star won.

Into the circumstances of that memorable race I have no wish to inquire. Lord Dudley, it is well known, refused to settle the bet for some weeks afterward, and did not engage in any subsequent turf transactions.

He had not, indeed, paid a visit to any race-course of recent years, and had long since ceased to take any interest in the sport of kings.

His many wagers, as a rule, were very successful ones—were chiefly negotiated on the classic races. He had \$45,000 to \$100,000 on Reine for the Oaks of 1872, and in a later year netted an equally large amount by the successes of Marie Stewart, Apology and Spinaway.

With many racing men the story of his having offered to bet \$100,000 to \$50,000 on Macgregor for the Derby of 1870 is very familiar. The late J. B. Morris, of London, was the bookmaker who on that occasion declined the sensational wager, only to see Macgregor beaten a quarter of an hour afterward. His feelings may be imagined.

It is my opinion that the English yacht, Genesta, will have all she can do to beat the yacht Puritan, in the proposed international races for the America's cup, let alone the Priscilla; that is, judging by the Puritan's great performance on June 30, in the Boston Yacht Club regatta.

The announcement that the sloop Puritan was to be a competitor in the regatta at Marblehead, Mass., caused a large number of prominent yachtsmen from different cities to attend.

The course was triangular and 15 miles long. Five of the miles were before the wind, five on the starboard and five beat

to the windward. This course the yachts had to sail over twice. The Puritan was entered in the race of the first-class sloops and cutters.

In order to test the speed of the new sloop, the first-class schooners were started with her. In the latter class were the famous yachts Fortuna, America, Gitania and Mohican.

The Gitania had a slight lead at the start, with the Puritan third. At the end of 10 miles the Fortuna was leading, with the Puritan second.

At that point the Puritan did some fine work to windward, and soon passed the Fortuna and took the lead.

At the end of 15 miles, the Puritan was 7 minutes 39 seconds ahead of the Fortuna, and she continued to gain, and at the finish was 13 minutes ahead of the Fortuna and 28 minutes 46 seconds ahead of the Itasca, the second boat in her class. I understand that the 39 miles were made by the Puritan in 3 hours 25 minutes 15 seconds.

During the progress of the turf there has been 10 miles trotted in 30 minutes or better, but there is no record in any of the turf guide-books for a horse pacing 10 miles in 30 minutes or better.

Captain Stewart, Captain McGowan and Controller have trotted 10 miles in 30 minutes and better, but none of the pacing family ever accomplished or even equalled their performance.

In the future, pacers will have a 10-mile record to beat, and racing and turf guides a pacing record for 10 miles, for on June 30, at St. Louis, Thomas H. Rockwood's roan gelding Harry Parker paced 10 miles in 28 minutes 52½ seconds.

Here is the time of each mile: First, 2:48 3/4; second, 2:41; third, 2:56½; fourth, 2:52¾; fifth, 2:56½; sixth, 2:56¾; seventh, 2:57½; eighth, 2:56¾; ninth, 2:56¾; tenth, 2:49¾.

The best trotting record for 10 miles is carried by Controller, who performed the feat in 25:23¼, and 20 miles has been trotted by Captain McGowan in 58:25.

In the race Harry Parker could have beaten the trotting record if his owner had wanted him to do so.

I suppose every one who owns a pacer of any quality and speed will now be ambitious to lower the Western pacer's record.

I think it is all folly to invest money on the probable winners in a steeplechase.

It is seldom a race of this kind is run on its merits, and generally the winner is known before he reaches the starting-post.

The position of a popular jockey is one that may well excite envy, but it is nevertheless gratifying when we find their gains on the turf put to a useful purpose.

In this respect C. Wood, Archer's only rival, has shown a wise discrimination.

It is probable that Wood contemplates an early retirement from the profession to which he is such a distinguished ornament, and we may expect in a few years to find him at the head of some large breeding and training establishment.

Speed is the one great consideration in many branches of sport, yet it seems wonderful that better means of verifying the records have not been introduced. Both on the race-course and on the running-path many performances have been "clocked" and accepted generally as correct, although it is well known by critics behind the scenes that great doubt is placed upon their accuracy.

I understand Marcus Bibbero, the famous scientific swimmer, is again creating a sensation in England by announcing that he intends coming to this country to imitate the late Capt. Matthew Webb and attempt to swim the whirlpool at Niagara. Bibbero intends to attempt the feat as follows: His first experiment will be with an oblong, coffin-shaped box, which will be made air-tight and covered with wax made as nearly as possible the consistency of flesh.

If this wax is torn when the box is covered, the professor will assume that his flesh would have been in a similar condition and desist from the attempt.

Shedding the box emerge sound, the professor will proceed to ascertain the depth of the water by means of a plank with weighed glass globes suspended from it by ropes of various lengths.

Bibbero's next experiment will be with an India rubber "dummy" of his own size and weight in which inflated bladders will be placed as a substitute for lungs.

Should these bladders burst he will see that there is danger of asphyxia and abandon his project, but if not, his next experiment will be made in propria persona. If the result of these preliminaries is unsatisfactory, the professor declines with thanks.

Bibbero, I may mention, is the swimmer who was backed by Richard K. Fox to swim across the East river from New York to Brooklyn with his hands bound behind him and his feet tied, and he was successful after one failure.

In the Royal Henley regatta, on July 2, in the race for the Visitor's cup, the Argonaut crew, who represented the Argonaut Boat Club, of Toronto, Can., were beaten by the Trinity Cambridge crew.

I was not surprised when the cable flashed the defeat of the Canadian four, for I anticipated they would be beaten.

On June 12 I published the following regarding the crew and their visit to England in this department:

"The Argonaut four-oared crew, who sailed from Quebec, Can., on May 23, for England, expect to carry their colors to the front in the Royal Henley and Metropolitan Amateur regatta.

"While I admire the pluck of the Argonaut Rowing Association in sending their four to England, it is my opinion their visit will be a failure.

"I do not think the crew will have time to prepare to successfully cope with the trained crews of Oxford, Cambridge and the numerous amateur clubs they will have to meet.

"If the Argonauts do no better than the Oxford, Atlanta, Cornell and the Hillsdale four-oared crews, who met with defeat, they will gain but little reputation."

What is there in being styled a champion, any how? It is an empty title, and of no use except for a sign over a gin-mill door.

Nearly every town has a champion now. They remind me of Artemus Ward's regiment which was composed entirely of colonels.

It is a very easy matter for an athlete to imagine that he is able to become a pugilist, but it requires pluck, science, endurance and a great deal of experience to become proficient in the manly art of self-defense.

A referee's position is not always a very satisfactory one, and no one should accept that office unless he is competent to fill it.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

B. S., Boston.—No.

J. C., Philadelphia.—Yes.

B. G., Philadelphia.—No.

B. C., Newark, N. J.—No.

C. W., Cambridge City.—Yes.

J. S. C., Toronto.—Send on photo.

M. W. S., Bordenstown, N. J.—Yes.

J. H. R., St. Paul, Minn.—Wheatley.

C. G. and H., Sedalia, Mo.—No record.

T. E. W., Wilmington.—The bet is a draw.

E. S., New York.—Ryan, 193; Sullivan, 195.

C. G. and H. M. D., Portsmouth, N. H.—No.

C. J. B., Topeka, Kan.—Have not the full score.

F. S., Fayetteville, Mo.—The New York Herald.

W. B., Fort Jervis, N. Y.—We cannot use photo.

J. U. A., Eldorado, Kan.—We do not know the party.

J. E. K., Astoria, Oreg.—1. Yes. 2. Send for the rules.

J. S., Boston.—W. F. Gladstone was born Dec. 29, 1829.

J. J., Boston, Mass.—Send for the "American Yacht List."

P. F. G. S., Philadelphia.—Have not space for your portrait.

F. F., Monroe, La.—See published reports in Mobile papers.

W. C. R., Lewiston.—There is no pedestrian holding that title.

C. F., New York.—Mike Donovan's, 138 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

T. C., Elkhorn, Montana.—The party that claimed out. A wins.

J. M., Boston.—Alf. Greenfield never defeated Charley Mitchell.

F. C. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We are not backing anybody in your line.

C. U., Mariette, Wis.—1. Yes. 2. Certainly, he can use his whip.

S. W., Hartford, Conn.—The population of Utah Territory is 143,906.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—Maud S., 2:09¼, at Lexington, Ky., Nov. 11, 1884.

E. M., New York.—Fourteen feet five and a half inches, by G. W. Hamilton.

S. H., Boston.—John Keen, the English bicyclist is thirty-six years of age.

S. W., Brownsville, Texas.—The great fire in New York was on Dec. 16, 1835.

A. D. L., Garrettsville, O.—B must throw again unless A consents to a tie.

M. S., Lockport, N. Y.—Rhode Island furnished 20,248 troops during the war.

H. W., Boston.—Phyllis made his record of 2:13¼ at Chicago, Ill., July 14, 1884.

J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. O. U.'s are received as legal acknowledgments of debt.

D. S., Kansas City.—Nat. Langham, the pugilist, died at London, Eng., on Sept. 1, 1871.

H. B., Paterson, N. J.—It makes you a professional to compete as a professional.

J. Trenton, N. J.—Tom Sayers and Nat Langham only fought once and Langham won.

J. C. C., Leavenworth, Kan.—Send \$3 and we will furnish you with the rules and book.

C. C., Norwich, Conn.—The Burke and Sullivan contest lasted 29 minutes, including rests.

J. J. C., Paterson, N. J.—A trainer is one who prepares an athlete or animal for a contest.

S. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—George Fryer sailed from Philadelphia for England on July 1, 1885.

W. G., Louisville, Conn.—1. The height of the Washington monument is 555 feet, 2. No.

B. S., Nashville, Tenn.—Maud S.'s best record is 2:09¼, made at Lexington, Ky., Nov. 11, 1884.

S. G., Baltimore, Md.—John Wilkes Booth assassinated President Lincoln on April 14, 1865.

S. I. R., Waterbury, Conn.—C. Enders, Jr., No. 51 Sheriff street, N. Y., advertises in the line you want.

J. S. B., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—1. Hanlan holds the title of champion oarsman of America. 2. No.

D. S., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Hanlan is the champion of America. 2. No. 3. Evan Morris did hold the title.

J. B., Princeton, Mass.—The college baseball championship ended in Harvard College being the victor.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—1. One hundred and sixty-five pounds. 2. Five feet ten and a half inches.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—1. Gus. Hill holds that title. 2. Yes; by the referee giving an unfair decision.

W. F. W., Lehigh, I. T.—B. wins. Mitchell did return to England after his first visit with Billy Madden.

G. W. G., Granger, Wyo.—Sullivan when he fought Ryan at Mississippi City, Feb. 7, 1882, weighed 195 pounds.

H. P. McC., East Liverpool.—New York has the most efficient and best organized fire department of any city in the world.

ANONYMOUS correspondents, whether constant readers or not, must not expect notice unless they send name and address.

G. W. C., Wellsville, Kan.—No man ever stood up before Sullivan 12 rounds. Prof. John Donaldson stood before him 10 rounds.

S. W., Bangor, Me.—George H. Hosmer was born at Lancaster, Mass., Dec. 20, 1868, stands 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 166 pounds.

J. M. B., Jackson, Mich.—Edward Hanlan was never defeated by John Teemer in a regular match race. He was defeated by Teemer in a regatta.

J. S. P., Westchester, Pa.—1. Fourteen feet five and a half inches, by G. W. Hamilton. 2. Thirty-nine feet one inch, by G. W. Hamilton.

S. W., San Francisco.—A loses. Maud S. never trotted with running mate. Her record was made in harness. See answer to B. S., Nashville.

A. W. B., Chicago, Ill.—Mitchell and McCaffrey met at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 13, 1884. The referee decided in favor of McCaffrey, but it was an unjust decision.

P. L., Muchakinock, Ia.—Joe Acton and Matsada Horakichi have wrestled twice; at Cincinnati, July 4, 1884, and at Pastime Park, Philadelphia. Acton won both matches.

J. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Wm. Hastings, better known as Dublin Tricks, or Orville (generally called Awful) Gardner, fought for \$1,000, and Hastings won in 30 minutes.

A. R., Princeton, Ill.—1. John L. Sullivan was born at Boston, Oct. 15, 1858. 2. He has been champion since Feb. 7, 1882, on which date he defeated Paddy Ryan for the championship.

M. W., Romeo, Mich.—1. Henry Russell visited the United States in 1845. 2. He is still living in England. 3. He wrote the music to "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and "Woodman, Spare that Tree!"

W. G., Baltimore.—1. Chas. Keen, the English tragedian, died Jan. 21, 1868. 2. He made his debut in the character of Young Norval, in "Douglas," at the Drury Lane theatre, London, Eng., Oct. 1, 1837.

S. G., Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. M. W. Ford's 125-yard record remains 13 seconds, the race which he was returned as having done in 12 3/5 seconds, on May 30, 1885, not having been timed as required by the rules.

W. B., Lyons, N. Y.—"Fanny Hill" comes under obscene literature, and cannot be bought or sold, and certainly no reputable dealer will handle it. Such goods are never admitted to the advertising columns of the GAZETTE at any price.

J. M., Port Jervis, N. Y.—1. According to brokers' technicalities, a "bull" is one who operates to depress the value of stocks that he may buy for a rise. 2. A "bear" is one who sells stocks for future delivery which he does not own at the time of sale.

W. M., Rochester, N. Y.—The greatest depth of the ocean which has been ascertained by sounding is 5 miles 440 yards, or 25,720 feet, or 4,820 fathoms, not quite equal to the height of the highest known mountain, which is Mount Everest, height 29,022 feet.

J. C., Bangor, Me.—1. The original contract price for the Barthold statue was \$3,000 francs, equal to \$12,600. 2. M. Thiebaut, who cast the reduced copy of the Barthold statue for the city of Paris, contracted for the completion of it by May 1, but failed to do so, and forfeited thereby 8,000 francs.

W. S., Latonia, Ky.—1. It was the Marquis of Hastings that lost £100,000 (\$500,000) on the result of the English Derby in 1867. He backed Vauban, and the race was won by Hermit. 2. He also lost £50,000 (\$250,000) by the collapse of his own mare, Lady Elizabeth, in 1858, when Blue Gown won the English Derby.

TURKISH, Lexington, Ky.—The race for the Goodwood stakes, in which so many horses and jockies were injured, was run in 1866. Hearnden fell, and Hungerford, Vandal, Speed the Plough, Jolly Marine, Lundyfoot, Enchanter and Comedy also fell. The jockies that were injured were Bartholomew, Bresswell, Ashmall, Mundy, Hall, Salter and Stiggles.

M. S. W., Bridgeport.—Gus Sundstrom was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 28, 1860. He has won numerous, at Brooklyn, New York, Liverpool, Columbia river, Oregon, and at St. Thomas, West Indies. He stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 175 pounds. In 1882 he defeated Michael Brady swimming from the Battery to Norton's Point, Coney Island. He is said to be the fastest swimmer in this country at any distance from five to twenty-five miles.

J. B., Cresona, Pa.—Alec Keene, the once famous English pugilist, fought six times in the prize ring. The following are his battles: beat Billy Cain in 50 rounds, lasting 61 minutes, Dec. 17, 1846; beat Joe Phelps in 119 rounds, lasting 2 hours 45 minutes, Dec. 6, 1847; beat Young Sambo in 6 rounds, lasting 19 minutes, June 20, 1848; beat Bill Hayes in 45 rounds, lasting 1 hour 25 minutes, Sept. 3, 1860; was beaten by Young Greek in 55 rounds, lasting 1 hour 25 minutes, April 30, 1864; beaten by Jack Grant in 46 rounds, lasting 1 hour 5 minutes, on Oct. 16, 1849.

J. S., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—1. After Conway refused to wrestle, and Viro Small (Black Sam) won the first fall, it was the duty of the referee to declare Black Sam the winner. 2. The referee had no power to decide the bet off, but it made no difference when he refused to give any decision, for neither those who backed Conway or those who placed their money on Black Sam could win, unless the referee decided either one or the other of the contestants the winner. 3. There being no decision given (although, according to the "Police Gazette" rules of wrestling, Black Sam won the match, all bets are drawn.

M. J., Washington, D. C.—1. No. 2. The race for the grand prize of the Paris Jockey Club was run on May 11, 1885, and was won by the Marquis de Bouillier's brown colt Relaisant by five lengths. M. J. L. De F. Martin's bay colt the Condor was second, two lengths and a half ahead of M. A. Staub's chestnut colt Extra. The race for the Grand Prize of Paris, 1 mile 7 furlongs, took place at Paris, June 14, 1885, and was won by Capt. C. Bowling's bay colt Paradox. The Marquis de Bouillier's chestnut colt Relaisant was second, and Mr. T. Jennings's chestnut colt Present Times third. Time, 3:00.

D. W., Altoona, Pa.—The cause of splint on a horse is a matter of speculation. It may be produced by a blow, or injury in the form of sprain. If it comes from a blow, the animal himself will generally be found to have been the cause of it, by striking with the opposite foot, although he generally strikes the fetlock, or else the inside of the knee, but he may once in a while have an ill-adapted shoe placed on his foot, and then, in consequence of being reined up suddenly, or getting one foot into a hole, may, without the knowledge of the person riding or driving, inflict a slight blow on the inside of the limb, which may prove, in a predisposed subject, the exciting cause of this affection. Predisposition may lurk in breed; and from the fact that many animals are now to be met with carrying about with them minuscules of ancestral deformity, spavin, ringbone, etc., it may be presumed that splint, at times, comes under this category.

W. S., Port Chester.—Hanlan and Teemer are to row five races. No place has yet been decided upon, but Buffalo stands a chance of getting one, Boston will get another, Toronto a third, and probably Pittsburgh a fourth. Chautauque Lake has been talked of, but Hanlan objects to the place. The following are the distances to be rowed: 2, 3, 3½, 4 and 5 miles, and each race to be for \$500 a side, with the privilege of increasing the stakes to \$1,000 a side. Third 3-mile race to be rowed on Aug. 8; 3-mile race on Aug. 22; 3½-mile race Sept. 5; 4-mile on Sept. 19, and 5-mile on Oct. 3, each between the hours of 4 and 7 P. M. The races to be rowed on waters to be mutually agreed upon, but in case of failure to agree either as to the referee, course or other details, the final stake holder to have full power to name the course and referee. The rest of the articles refer to the disposition of the gate money or purses, 60 per cent. to go to the winner and 40 per cent. to the loser.

S. H. B., Louisville, Ky.—John L. Sullivan was born in the Highlands, at Boston, on Oct. 15, 1858, stands 5 feet 10¼ inches in height, and his fighting weight is 195 pounds. His first encounter in the prize ring was with Donaldson, of Cleveland, for a purse of \$500, on Dec. 28, 1881, which he won by knocking Donaldson out in 10 rounds. Defeated John Flood in 8 rounds, May 16, 1881; time, 16 minutes. Defeated Paddy Ryan, Feb. 7, 1882, in 9 rounds, lasting 11 minutes. Defeated James Elliott, July 4, 1882, in 3 rounds, lasting 7 minutes 20 seconds. Defeated Charley Mitchell, May 14, 1883, at Madison Square Garden. Defeated Herbert A. Slade, Aug. 6, 1883, at Madison Square Garden. Fought a draw with Tag Wilson, July 17, 1882, at Madison Square Garden. Defeated Prof. John H. Laffin, Nov. 10, 1



WILLIAM PARCHMEAL,

HANGED RECENTLY AT FORT SMITH, ARK., FOR THE MURDER OF A DUTCH PEDDLER.



"CAPT." DANIEL S. WARD,

THE SKILLFUL SWINDLER CAPTURED BY INSPECTOR BYRNES OF THIS CITY.



SAMUEL BRINCKNER,

THE WELL-KNOWN DIAMOND BROKER WHO HAS GLITTERED IN EVERY STATE OF THE UNION.



JAMES ARCENE,

HANGED WITH PARCHMEAL AT FORT SMITH, ARK., FOR THE SAME CRIME.

Samuel Brinckner.

This famous character is so well known on this continent at least, that his genial face will at once be recognized by thousands who have had their paths lit up by his glittering gems. "Sam," the diamond broker," as everybody calls him, is a native of the good city of Syracuse, N. Y., where he received a competent education, and first felt his aptness for sports, in which he takes an immense interest. This gentleman's fame has spread also to Europe, where he has been honored in making special tests of various precious stones for the nobility. Recently, the association which bears his name, gave their annual picnic and festival at River View Park, in this city, where the kindly broker put even his bright gems in the shade by many brilliant and gay-some hits.

Two Murderers Hanged.

William Parchmeal and James Arcene were executed June 1, in the U. S. Jail yard, Fort Smith, Ark., for the murder of an old German peddler, named Henry Feigle, in 1872. They killed him for his money but only secured twenty-five cents. Parchmeal was a full-blooded Cherokee and could not or would not speak English. He was arrested in the territory and lodged in jail there Aug. 4, 1877. James Arcene was a half negro Cherokee and could talk fluently in English. He made a clean confession of the crime on the scaffold, blaming Parchmeal as the principal in the murder. Both died in true Indian style, except that they were Christians and prayed before going to the gallows.

Capt. Dan Ward.

This clever gentleman was recently captured by Inspector Byrnes, of this city. His career of swindling was pub-



FRESH MILK

HOW A PARTY OF FASHIONABLE DAMSELS FOUND REFRESHMENT IN A NEW JERSEY VILLAGE.

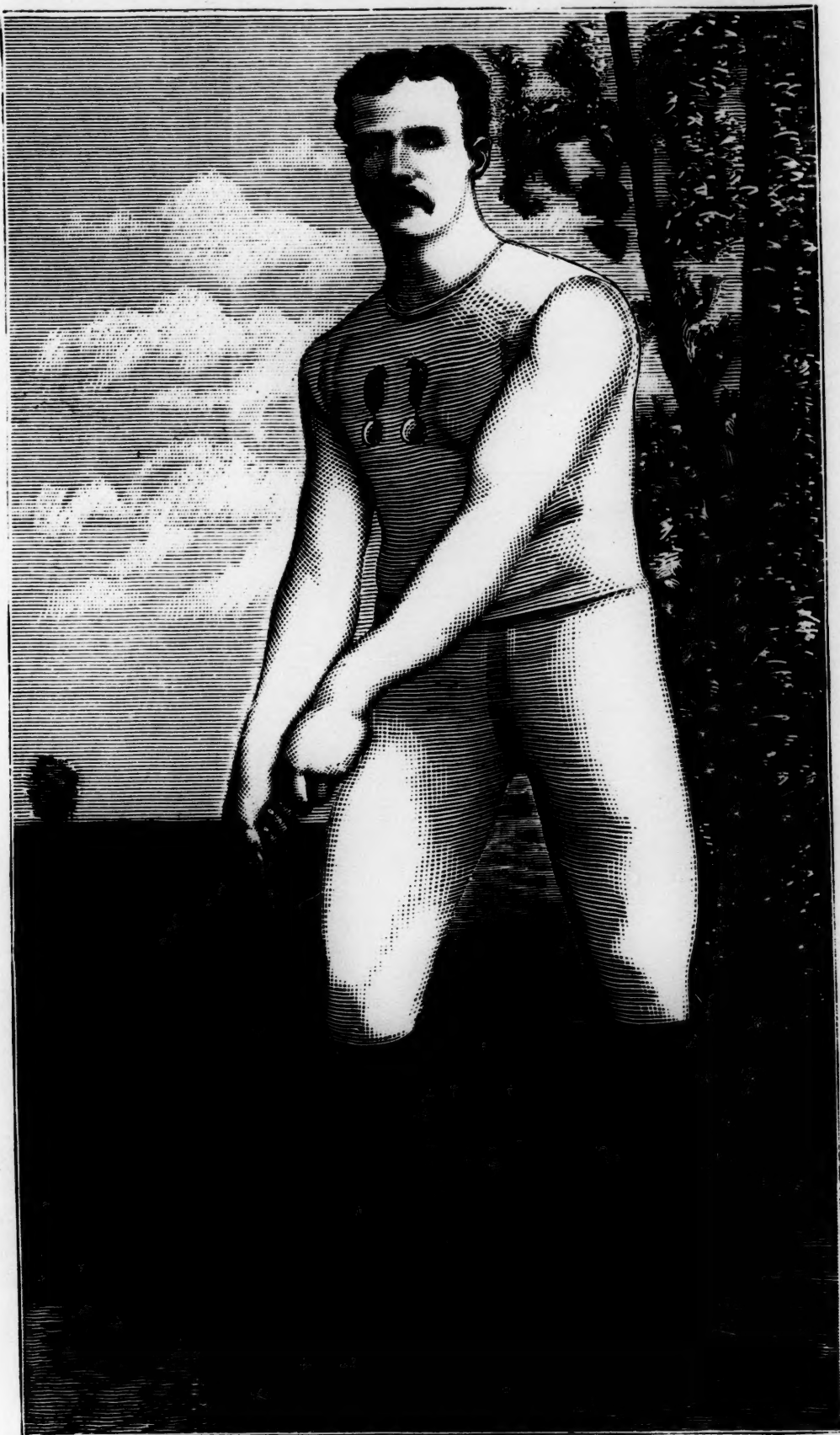
lished in last week's issue. He will, no doubt, spend a few years away, for wicked ways among the many merchants in different parts of the land where he played his smart games in the art of confidence.

Buffalo Bill's Fortune.

"I'm going to Europe in April," says Buffalo Bill, "and the show goes along, to be gone for two or three years. I've given up the stage entirely. We'll show in the Alexandra Palace in London, in the Champs de Mars in Paris and also in Vienna, Berlin, Moscow and St. Petersburg and hundreds of smaller places. We shall go to Europe in a special steamer." Buffalo Bill is forty-three years old, weighs 210 pounds, stands 6 feet 3 inches and has never been sick in his life. He says he has the largest thoroughbred stock farm in America at North Platte, Lincoln County, Neb. The ranch consists of 8,000 acres under one fence, and he claims the land is not wild government land, but paid for by him. He owns twelve dwellings in the town, and his own house is a Western palace. Four weeks ago, while in Chicago, he bought forty-one head of imported cattle of the Hereford and Poll-Angus breeds and paid on an average \$461 apiece for them. They were shipped to his stock farm. He employs over 100 men on his farm and is worth \$450,000. He has been a member of the Legislature, a Probate Judge, High Sheriff and Justice of the Peace.

Fresh Milk.

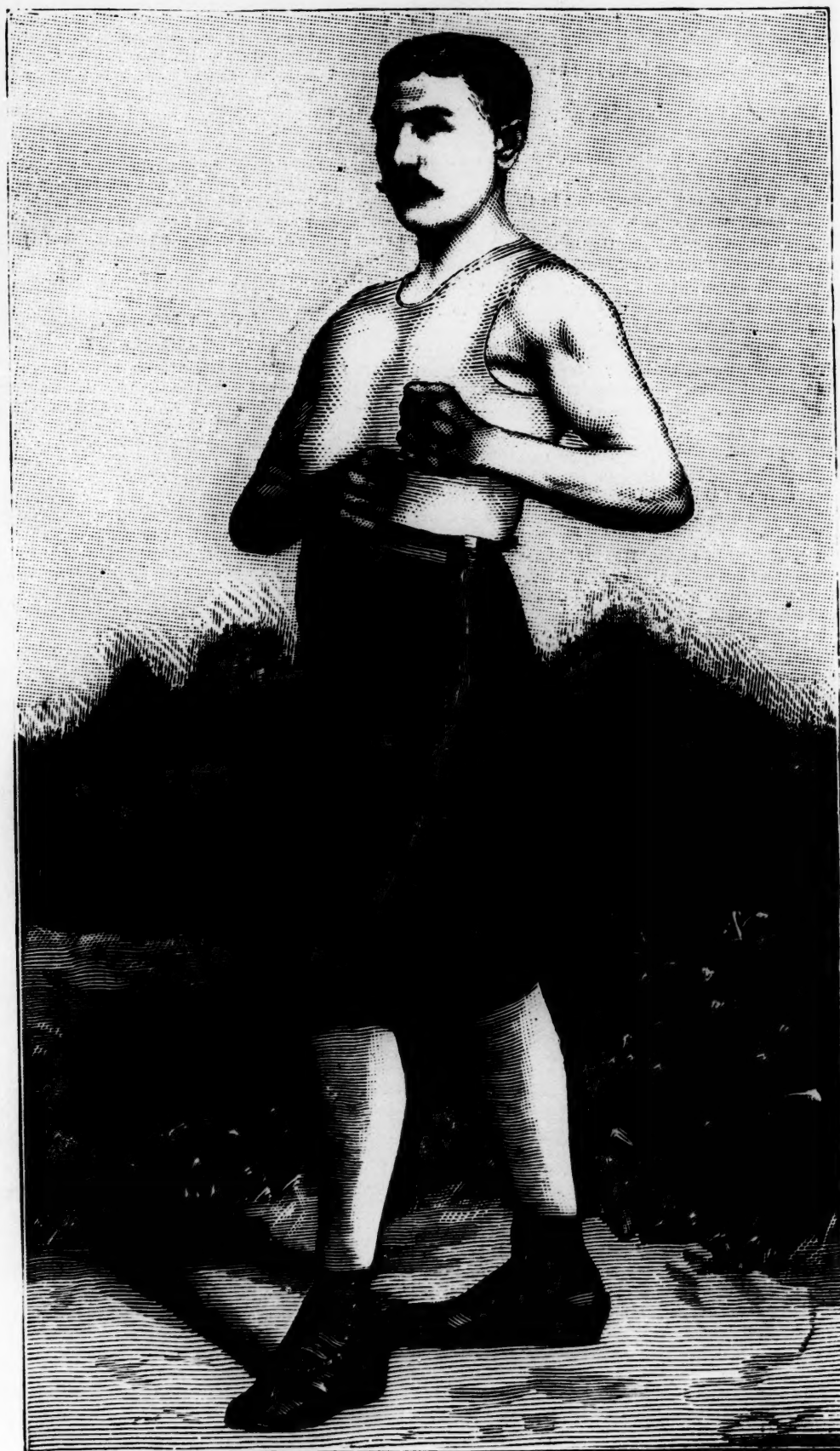
We illustrate this week a rather droll scene which took place in a village just outside of Long Branch on the Fourth of July. A party of young ladies, "overtaken" by severe thirst, desisted in an adjacent meadow a herd of cows, the best and most profuse of which they immediately proceeded to milk.



FRANK SMITH,
THE CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT CLUB-SWINGER OF THE DOMINION.



JOHN IRVIN,
A WELL KNOWN SPORTING MAN OF LINDRAY, ONTARIO.



PROFESSOR "BILLY" HAWLEY,
CHAMPION PUGILIST OF IOWA.



MIKE FORD.
A WELL KNOWN AND POPULAR SPORTSMAN OF HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

BEFORE THE BAR.

The Fight For Liberty--The Coming Struggle in Ohio--Coney Island Dens--Work For the Fanatics--Bismarck's Rare Wines.



JAMES A. LADD.

It's seldom we find such a good-natured face as heads this column among New Englanders. Perhaps it's because Mr. Ladd is very fond of visiting this city and gathering his inspiration in the vicinity of Sir Billy Wright's cafe on Fulton and Front streets, the most cosmopolitan resort in town. Mr. Ladd made his debut some years ago in Pownal, Vt. When a very small lad he went west and returned a bright, handsome young man and settled in the thriving hamlet of New Ashford, Mass. Shortly afterward he moved to Pittsfield, Mass., where he now runs the finest billiard parlors in New England. Jim Ladd is a leader in sports in his part of the country, and is especially happy in hunting bears and other wild natives in the East.

Francis Murphy is trying to raise the wind in this city.

The Prohibitionists are very active. What are dealers about?

It's high time for the Ohio dealers to organize and show they mean business.

The next crank convention in this State will be held in Syracuse next September.

There are several gentlemen who have not as yet recovered from the fireworks of the "Fourth."

The fanatic who received the Prohibition nomination for Governor of Ohio, declares it to be a call from God. What a nerve!

What show will the Prohibition ticket have in the coming Ohio election? None. They are alone this time without friends or money.

Ten thousand members of the German Singing Society drank at least 1,000,000 glasses of beer at their annual festival at Coney Island, recently.

Drinkers of imported Bavarian beer will be interested to know that the *Repertoire de Pharmacie* pronounces it to be colored with sulphobenzazodimethylamin.

St. John is alive. His voice was heard in Springfield last week at the crank convention abusing Murat Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, and Republicans generally.

Ex-Supervisor Henry O. Collard and Ed. Morrill are doing a rushing trade at Manhattan Park, Sixtieth street and Third avenue, Brooklyn. These two "Bucks" are well hitched.

"We are going to have the bitterest, meanest, wickedest fight in this State this fall that we ever had, and we Prohibitionists propose to force the fighting," says one of the chief cranks of this big State.

St. John never has cleared himself of the very vile charges made by the Republicans during the last election. He simply hid himself for a few months and has again come before the public as a reformer.

"I might speak of our evils of mesmerism and intemperance," Dr. Oakley said in a Fourth of July sermon in the Church of the Saviour, in East One Hundred and Ninth street, "but, had as we are, we are the best and purest nation in the world, and can be proud of it."

If these temperance people really desire to do good work let them go to Coney Island and close up the dives which are always open without licenses, selling at high prices the worst of poisons. These are the dens that should be looked after and not the respectable saloon-keepers, who are the best of good citizens.

A. A. Hopkins, of Rochester, who a few years ago was the candidate of the Prohibition party for Governor, was present. He is talked off to head the State ticket this fall. He is a member of the State Committee. This is indeed a very strange honor. Perhaps Mr. Hopkins had better become the standing candidate, if it does him any good.

The Prohibitionists' Committee in this State are already soliciting funds for use next fall, and the note system has been adopted in fifteen counties. Blank notes are distributed among the friends of prohibition providing for the payment of any sum the signer may feel able to give for five years. It will be very difficult to find a market for such risky paper.

The platform of the Ohio tea drinkers demands a prohibition amendment and opposes license tax or regulation of the liquor traffic. It says friends of prohibition should not be controlled by either of the old parties, because both have shown themselves subservient to the liquor interest. The rum power must

be vanquished by a new party devoted expressly to that purpose. Just so!

Lord Randolph Churchill, in a speech the other day, said that the Spanish wines which the *London Times* recommended in place of the Englishman's honest beer, were the vilest and foulest of compounds, and if the English people took the advice of the *Times* and Gladstone, they would "sink very soon to the level of Spain." He added that the fact of one of Mr. Gladstone's sons being a partner in the eminent wine house of W. & A. Gileby might have suggested the advice.

A number of prominent Socialists and labor reformers in the city have joined the temperance agitators in the formation of a lyceum for the discussion of temperance from the standpoint of science. They held their first discussion at Steuben Hall, in the Bowery, last week. Dr. Minshall told the scientific reasons why all should be temperate. He illustrated his remarks with diagrams. The audience discussed the lecture. A rosy-cheeked old man said he would like to see Superintendent Murray, who appeared to him to be a good reformer, go round to every small grocery in town and spill into the gutter all the bad whisky they had. Good liquor was a good thing, but bad liquor was of no good at all.

A bitter war between the Prohibitionists and Anti-Prohibitionists has been in progress at Armourdale, Kan., for several months. Persons who endeavored to smuggle liquor into the State have been arrested and fined. J. Schankenburg has been a strong witness for the Prohibitionists in a number of cases, and in consequence has gained the ill-will of many citizens. Two Sundays ago a party of men rode up to Schankenburg's house and fired into it about twenty times. The inmates escaped the bullets, having retired to a safe spot when the bombardment began. This fight for freedom has become desperate, and is likely to break out at any moment in a very serious affair.

Admirers of what is generically called Hock will be interested in learning that on Prince Bismarck's birthday a great many of his German admirers took the choicest treasures from the dustiest bins of their innermost cellars and sent them to the Chancellor, who in this way received more than 400 bottles of the rarest and most curious Rhine wines. The following were some of the most valuable specimens in this unique collection: Rudesheimer Berg of 1738, Markobrunner of 1783, Steinberg of 1811, Rudesheimer Berg of 1822, Markobrunner (feinste Auslese) of 1859, Baron von Zwieler's Gelsenheimer of 1804, Schloss Johannisberg Cabinet (white seal), Rudesheimer Berg Riesling (allerfeinste Auslese) of 1868; Rudesheimer Rottland (feinste Auslese) of 1870, and Grafenberger of 1888 from the royal domain.

The sheriff of Bangor, Me., aided by various temperance cranks, caused about all of the best bar-rooms in the city to be closed last Friday and Saturday on account of circuses and celebrations attracting a crowd from outside on those days. This drove the traffic into back rooms and obscure places, and in one case caused what may result as a fatal affair. At noon on the Fourth two Essex street ruffians went into Dick Price's house in French street, where beer is sold, and demanded drinks. As they were already drunk and disorderly, Price and his son Thomas ordered them out. They refused to go, and in the scuffle which ensued one of the intruders seized an ax and struck the younger Price a terrific blow between the shoulders, making a ghastly wound. Price may recover, but it is doubtful. The assailants were arrested.

A QUEER MIXTURE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Oysterville, Wash. T., on a recent evening a Chinaman and an Indian "klootchman" were united in the "holy bonds of matrimony." The name of the groom is Jung Duke, and Mrs. Jung Duke's name was Sally Peet. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. H. Hadley, in the sitting-room of the Pacific House. A large crowd of Indians and the Chinaman came over from South Bend in a canoe in the forenoon, and in the afternoon nothing but the prospective wedding was mentioned on the streets. At 8 o'clock young and old commenced flocking to the Pacific House, and in about an hour the loving couple appeared and were seated. The costumes were unique, to say the least, and we will not attempt to describe them. The Chinaman persisted in being married with his coat off--in his shirt sleeves, and was looking around as self-possessed as if being married was nothing new to him. But the bride was the very picture of bashfulness, not even lifting her head to say "Yes." Duke paid \$150 for his wife to her father. Kissing the bride was omitted, although every one in the room called for that part of the ceremony. No one, not even the happy Chinaman, wanted to be the first. Immediately after the ceremony the bride ran away from her husband, and refused to speak to him for a day or two, and Jung Duke became highly indignant and demanded the return of his money. He says \$150 is a pretty high price for a wife these hard times. One thing is sure, that the worldly affairs of "Sally" will be much bettered, as Duke is a "boss" Chinaman, and has accumulated considerable money. He formerly worked in the Hoquiam mill as boss of the Chinamen, and holds that position in the South Bend now, we are informed. The boys around town made the night hideous for a few hours, with tin cans and other "instruments," but finally quieted down when Duke gave them some silver. This wedding was undoubtedly "the event of the season." May the queerly matched couple live long and prosper.

LEVI J. NORTH.

[With Portrait.]

Levi J. North, the famous circus rider and tumbler, died on Monday, July 6, in Brooklyn, after a long illness. He was over seventy-one years old. He was born in Newtown, L. I., and moved to Brooklyn while yet a boy. During the performance of a circus at the Old Military Garden young North became fascinated with the feats of the riders, and when the show started for the South he followed it. It was not long before he became quite proficient as a rider. He remained with it until he was fifteen years old, when he went to Cuba with Handy & Welch. On his return to America he went West with Purdy Brown, earning \$14 a week. While subsequently with Waring's circus he made the acquaintance of Joe Blackburn, the famous clown, and with him planned a trip to Europe, which was carried out in 1838.

North's first appearance in England was at Liverpool, and his performances in the ring were so excel-

lent that on reaching London he immediately secured an engagement at Astley's circus. North at once became famous, and in a few weeks, Duncan, the champion English rider, was obliged to lower his colors to the American. James Price, the champion tumbler of the day, found in North a worthy competitor, and in a series of contests at Astley's North far outdid his rival. One day Price turned twenty somersaults in succession, and North thirty-three. The audience gave him an immense ovation, and he became the lion of London. The feat was at that time unparalleled of its kind. Next year North surpassed this feat before an audience of lords and ladies at Leamington Spa by turning fifty-five somersaults in succession. The event was commemorated by the presentation of a gold snuff-box, which Mr. North carried to the day of his death. He was at that time with Ryan's circus.

In 1840 he returned to America, and at his first appearance at the old Bowery theatre the programmes were printed on silk, as mementoes, and the house arose and greeted him with rounds of cheers. The press spoke of him as "the North star." After a most successful tour in this country and a visit to Cuba Mr. North returned to England in 1842, and soon after married Miss Sophie West, the daughter of his manager, who survives him. He drove, on his wedding tour with his bride from Exeter to London, behind an American trotter that he had taken over with him. After performing in London, he joined Francioni's circus in Paris, where, on June 21, 1855, he rode before Louis Philippe and the royal family. He returned from his last European tour in 1848, and, forming a combination, traveled through the South. In 1855 he built the first brick theatre and circus in Chicago and a year later was elected an Alderman. After a season with Dan Rice, he ran a canal boat show, following this business in the summer and appearing in the theatre in the winter. In 1866, when fifty-two years old, he made his last appearance at Lent's Theatre, in this city. Since then he has lived quietly in Brooklyn, generally passing his evenings with friends at Dent's chop house on Jay street. Until a year or so ago he was in vigorous health.

A WHISKY-DRINKER'S STRANGE BURIAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Dale county, only a few miles from the Barbour line, Ga., lived a few months ago an old gentleman who had given the best years of his life to hard work and free living. He was a free eater and a free drinker. He was devoted to his maternal, ante-prandial and evening tod, and he did not hesitate to say that a good article of corn juice was about the most satisfying thing he ever tasted. He was an eccentric individual, and noted far and wide in the neighborhood as being in most of his ways quite peculiar. Well, he discovered less than two months ago that he was approaching his end and began to make his final arrangements. He called his family around his dying bedside and made a last request. He had read how Bob Ingersoll had employed a secretary to take down his last words when the end should come, so that the Sunday-school and Dorcas Society books could not forge, as he appears to think they would, a final retraction of his unbelief. The intemperate old man would beat Ingersoll. He would determine that his last end should be in keeping with past acts of his life and not a denial of his habits. Only the immediate family was to attend the funeral; others were not expected and did not attend. When the coffin was ready to be lowered into the tomb the eldest son drew the lid and exposed the face to view. He then moistened the lips of the dead clay with whisky from a bottle provided for that purpose, took a drink himself, passed it to each member of the family present, all of whom drank freely, when the death-dealing poison was placed in the coffin with the dust of the intemperate old man, and his remains laid away to await the resurrection and judgment. This was all in accordance with the dead man's last articulate request. It is not a newspaper exaggeration, but the solemn truth. The reporter has every assurance that it really did happen. Possibly it is the most singular funeral scene that has taken place in Alabama since it was the home of the red and their papooses, beads, bows, etc.

PUGNACIOUS POLICEMEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A district messenger-boy ran up to Policeman Cummings who was patrolling his beat at Fifth street and Sixth avenue, at 1 o'clock the morning of July 6, and said that two policemen were clubbing one another at No. 904 Sixth avenue. Cummings found on the third floor of the flat-house at that number two men surrounded by several trembling women. One of the men was Officer Francis D. Webber, of the Twenty-seventh precinct, and the other was Officer John Fitzpatrick, of the Twenty-second precinct. They had been fighting. Fitzpatrick seemed to be perfectly sober, and begged to be released. But Webber, who is his stepfather, insisted that Fitzpatrick be taken to the police station.

"This is a family affair," said Fitzpatrick, "and if I am arrested both of us will not only disgrace our uniforms, but bring our family matters before the public."

Cummings tried to act as a peacemaker, but Webber started for the Nineteenth precinct station to complain that Cummings was refusing to perform his duty. Then Fitzpatrick insisted upon being made a prisoner, and the three officers started off. Fitzpatrick was locked up charged with assault, and Webber, apparently much to his astonishment, was also put in a cell on the charge of intoxication, preferred against him by Fitzpatrick.

Webber is but a few years older than his stepson, Sunday was Webber's day off, and he and his wife and two step-daughters joined an excursion party up the river. Webber passed most of his time drinking beer, and by night he showed signs of intoxication. When he reached his home he grew very quarrelsome. He insisted on drinking more beer, and when his wife remonstrated he grew abusive, and finally put her and his step-daughters out in the hall and locked the doors. They tried for an hour to get back, and then went over to the Twenty-second precinct station, where Fitzpatrick was on duty. He told them to return and that he would follow them by midnight. At that hour he found his mother and sisters sitting on the stairs. He entered his room and through it reached the apartments occupied by Webber. Then he opened the door and let his mother in. Webber, who was lying on a bed, jumped up and put her out again and then attempted to put Fitzpatrick out after her. But the stepson objected and a tussle ensued. Webber turned on a call for a messenger-boy, whom he sent after a policeman.

Shortly after being locked up Fitzpatrick was released on bail. Webber was kept locked up to sleep

off his drunk. Both men were arraigned next morning in the Yorkville Court before Justice Gorman. Webber refused to make a complaint against his stepson and he was discharged. The charge against Webber was also dismissed.

Charges were left against both men with Supt. Murray. Webber was relieved from duty for ten days until the charges are investigated, and Fitzpatrick was suspended for one day. Webber has been a member of the Police Department for over fourteen years and has a good reputation. Most of the time he has been connected with the Twenty-seventh Precinct and has been stationed at Pier 11, North river.

FRANK SMITH.

[With Portrait.]

Frank Smith is one of the most popular athletes in the Dominion, and has earned for himself an excellent reputation, not only as a manipulator of the clubs, the heavy weights and the gloves, but as a good citizen. He has made club-swinging and other genuine athletic exercises popular in Toronto by his enthusiasm and demeanor, and all his spare moments are now engaged in teaching the higher classes of young men, or in managing celebrations in adjoining towns and cities. Frank is a native of Toronto, having been born in 1850, and has lived in that city the greater portion of his life, being now foreman of the hook and ladder wagon in the City Fire Brigade. He defeated John Miller in a heavy-weight competition for a silver medal, at Toronto, May 21, 1879; defeated Michael Stack, Miller and Verrell in a general athletic competition for a silver medal two days later; won a silver cup as the best club-singer in the Dominion, April 1, 1880; won a silver cup at Victoria Park, presented by the Mayor of Toronto, as best general athlete, Aug. 31, 1882. He has also carried off many high honors in amateur competitions, but has now retired from professional business.

He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height; weight, 191 pounds; measures, round the chest, 42½ inches; biceps, 14½ inches; forearm, 12½ inches; calf, 16 inches; and thigh, 26 inches.

THE WOMAN WITH THE IRON JAW, HU. T.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A serious accident occurred June 30 at the performance of Van Amburgh's circus while the Woman with the Iron Jaw, Lottie Watson, was doing the cannon act, at Albany, N. Y. In this act she hangs lead downward from a trapeze, and is hoisted up by means of a pulley, lifting a cannon suspended on ropes between her teeth. Just as the cannon was discharged the rope above the woman broke, precipitating her to the ground. The distance was only six feet, but the heavy piece of ordnance jerked her with great force, and she struck the cannon, injuring her forehead above the right eye, knocking out several teeth and otherwise hurting her. She was taken to the City Hospital. It is believed she will recover. The accident caused great excitement among the audience and several women fainted.

ONEROUS INCOMING OFFICIALS' DUTIES.

Everybody concedes that the new department and governmental officials will all have to work faithfully or skip. This means brain activity, vital force and physical endurance. Tomfoolery and pure stimulants must cease. Nothing but DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY can possibly meet the proper requirements of any reliable and respectable worker who would remain in reputable circles. It is a perfect protection from, and cure for, the dangers of pneumonia, typhoids, diphtheria, and such quick diseases as threaten office workers every day. The best grocers and druggists will supply it.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Box 2400, BOSTON, MASS., July 1, 1885.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, New York: DEAR SIR--Unlike advertising mediums, needing months and months of patient waiting and heavy expenditures before returns are seen (if at all), the *POLICE GAZETTE* does undoubtedly yield, from the first appearance of an advertisement, a profitable response, which does not flag (but increases) during its continuance, and the effects of which are not the less appreciated because they are the result of an advertisement which may not have appeared in any recent issue of the publication; as to cost, it is \$1 a line, but if cheap advertising is believed in, the best way to dispel an illusion of that sort is to buy and pay for 1,000 lines of cheap space and then do a little figuring in the rule of three to prove that (in advertising) an ounce of practical is equal to a pound of theoretical economy. Yours truly, H. BOOTH.

TO ADVERTISERS.

OFFICE OF W. BENJAMIN, DEALER IN NOVELTIES, ETC., MONTECLAIR, N. J., July 1, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, New York: I have advertised my goods through the *POLICE GAZETTE* twice only. The two ads have brought me orders from every State (except two) in the Union. It pays to use your paper for advertising. Yours truly, W. BENJAMIN.

OFFICE OF CHICAGO SPECIALTY CO., 322 E. DIVISION STREET, CHICAGO, ILL., July 6, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.: DEAR SIR--We are free to say that we consider the *POLICE GAZETTE* the most widely circulated and the best paying advertising medium we have used, and we only have used high-priced papers, which we consider pay best in the end. Respectfully, F. C. FARRINGTON.

TO ADVERTISERS.

TRENTON, N. J., July 1, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Box 40, N. Y.: DEAR SIR--Our experience in advertising with your paper was satisfactory. Yours truly, ACME CO.

CARDS.



GIVEN AWAY! A ROLLER SKATE

ing set of cards, most comic hit of the day, and our 48 page Illustrated Book, to introduce other goods. All sent on receipt of three 2 cent stamps. WORTH BROS., 726 Sixth St. New York.

Hush! You can get them. For gents only. Full pack 53 Genuine French Imported Transparent Cards, male and female, "old timers", sealed by trial \$1.50; per pack (price reduced). Send stamps or postal note. R. H. Photograph, French, taken from life. Free with every order. IMPORTING COMPANY, Box 1294, Oswego, N. Y.

YOUNG SPORT! Pack (53) genuine French transparent cards, rare scenes with two R. H. cabinets of females from life for 50c. Box 709, Plainfield, N. J.

Poker!--If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It beats old sports. Address H. O. Brown & Co., Salem, N. H.

MEDICAL.

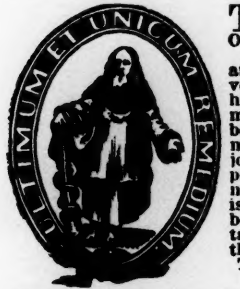
ERRORS OF YOUTH.

SUFFERERS FROM
Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,
BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R.—Extract of Yucca, 1/2 drachm.
Jerubellin, 1/2 drachm.
Helonias Dioica, 1/2 drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. Ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s. Mix.
Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m. and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.
As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.
Address or call on

New England Medical Institute,
24 TREMONT ROW,
BOSTON, MASS.



Tarrant's Compound
OF CUBES AND COPIAIBA.
This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medical properties of the Cubes and Copaiba. One recommendation of this preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable form put up in jars; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., New York.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Health is Wealth.—Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed Specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Seminal Emissions caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not cure a case. Guarantee issued by W. & C. Orders filled by sole agent, A. J. DIXON, Chemist, Astor House, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Vitalic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Vitalic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

WEAK NERVOUS MEN

Perfect restoration to full manhood, health and sexual vigor without Stomach Drugging, secured to all who suffer from nervous and physical debility, exhausted vitality, premature decline, diseases of the Kidneys, Prostate Gland, Bladder, &c., by the Marston Belms. Vari-cocle cured without surgery. Treatise and testimonials free.
DR. H. TREBOK, 46 W. 14th St., New York.

CONSUMPTION:

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOOM, 141 Pearl St., N. Y.

Manhood Restored

REMEDY FREE.—A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

TO WEAK MEN

suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for self-cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured with Doan's Santal wood. Cures in seven days. Avoid injurious imitations; none but the Doan's genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half bottle, 75 cents. All Druggists.

PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Sealed particulars 2 cts. Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Pertzezone strengthens, enlarges and develops any portion of the body. Price \$1. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted.)

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pain. No ill effects. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills. For lost manhood, impotence, and nervous debility; \$2, sent by mail. Dr. FULLER, 429 Canal street, N. Y.

Vigorene Pills Restore Manly Vigor. No nostrums. Bona fide article of merit. Free by mail, \$1.00. BROWN SPECIALTY CO., Jersey City, N. J.

MEDICAL.

DISEASES OF MEN ONLY,

are treated more successfully by Dr. H. Franz, the well-known specialist, at his New York Botanic Medical Institute, without mercury or mineral poisons than at any other institution in this country. Over 4,000 cases a year are treated. Ask your friends who their old stand-by is and they will all tell you to go to see Dr. Franz. He has cured thousands of patients in the past 20 years of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Eruptions on face or body. Also Nervous Debility, Trembling, Loss of Power, and from whatever cause arising. Send stamp for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.; Sunday 10 to 2. Address or call at

New York Botanic Medical Institute,
175 Lexington Avenue, cor. 51st Street.
(Mention this paper.)

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Weakness, Brains and all forms of Debility in Men from early error, ignorance, vice or excess. Quickly and Easily Cured without confinement by the
CIVILIAE TREATMENT
now firmly established in America solely on its merits. FREE to earnest inquirers, (not to boys, or curiosity-seekers), large illustrated work on Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, Brains, Nerves, (sealed, for 6 cents in stamps). Gives testimonials, business and medical references, &c. Consultation Free. CIVILIAE AGENCY, 174 Fulton St., New York.

SPERMATORRHOEA

AND IMPOTENCY quickly and radically cured, whether caused by Self-Abuse, Early Errors or Excess, Ignorance, Vice or Excess. In men of all ages, YOUNG AND OLD, by the
GREAT SPANISH HERB
(Yerba Santa). We solicit the most advanced and obstinate cases and those who have dealt with Quacks and being imposed on are hopeless and despair. You can be cured. Send to us for the fullest particulars or call and see our doctor. VON GRAEF TROCHER CO., 59 Park Place, N. Y.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICK a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my medicine. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

A MEDICAL WORK GIVEN AWAY.

Showing sufferers how they may be cured and recover health, strength and manly vigor without the aid of medicine. Will be sent free on receipt of 10c. for postage. Dr. W. Young, 280 Hudson St., N. Y., 2 blocks north of Canal. Mention this paper.

A Positive Cure without medicine. Patented Oct. 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less. ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUGIES. No nauseous doses of cubes, copaiba or oil of sandalwood, that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars sent for circular. P. O. Box, 1533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

WANTED NIGHT EMISSIONS quickly and permanently cured. Description of INSTRUMENT, (WORK NIGHTS), and method of cure sent free in plain sealed envelope. Send stamp to Dr. JAMES WILSON, Box 156, Cleveland, Ohio. Mention this paper.

Self Cure Free. Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the United States (now retired). Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it. Address Dr. WARD & Co., Louisiana, Mo. \$3—it never fails.

AIR MEDICATED

and Applied BELLEVES Scientific remedy. Particulars free. Medicated AIR Remedy Co., Cincinnati.

GREAT JAPANESE CURE for Night Emissions and Nervous Debility. PRESCRIPTION FREE. Send 2 two cent stamps to Chas. L. Addison, Box 104, Cleveland, O. Mention this paper.

OPIUM or Morphine habit cured in 10 days. No cure money no pay. First applicant from each country in the U. S. cured free. Address, with stamp, HUMANE REMEDY CO., La Fayette, Ind.

Magic Syringe. (For men only). Something entirely new. For picture and particulars, address with two-cent stamp. P. O. Box, No. 467, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe combined. Cures all kinds of urinary diseases. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 429 Canal St. N. Y.

Snore no more. Send 50 cents to H. Wright & Co., La Fayette, Ind., and get (by mail) one of their medicated throat bands. It will cure you of snoring.

VARICOCELE Painless sure cure. Book free. Civilia Agency, 169 Fulton St., N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York, can furnish Photographs from life of all the champions and well-known sporting men, including Richard K. Fox, John L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Dominick McCaffrey, Mike Cleary, Charles Mitchell, Jack Burke, Jack Kilrain, Alf. Greenfield, Jack Dempsey, La Blanche, the Marine, and 400 other champions of all athletic sports. Send for catalogue to J. Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS, Male and Female, taken from nature. Red-hot in sets of (3), sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy pictures, guaranteed, 3 sets, \$2. Rubber goods for gentlemen, \$5 per dozen; 6 for \$2.50. W. Scott, 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

NIGHT SCENES VERY SPICY, 13 Views, Dark Subjects, Sealed, 25 cents. Address BOX 133, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

RICH Photos, for gents only: sure to suit: 17 for 10c. Illus. Cat., 2c. G. AGENCY, Box 11, Orleans, Ind.

Seek and Find! Gents only: 20 Racy Scenes, 10c. (silver), from life. ROYAL PUB. CO., Boston, Mass.

20 Spicy Photos from Nature (new), 10c. (silver). Secured. ACME CARD CO., Foxboro, Mass.

19 Female Beauties, cabinet size cards, 25 cents; 5 sets \$1.00. MCGILL, 304 Henry Street, New York.

R. H. Photos of Females from Nature. F. H. style; large, 25c. Box 709, Plainfield, N. J.

RICH Little Sins. Pretty Sinners. 5 Photos, 20 cts. Address, Box 58, East Cleveland, O.

25 Female Beauties, cabinet size cards, 25 cents; 5 sets \$1.00. Box 709, Plainfield, N. J.

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